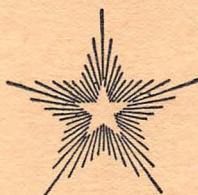


# THE · STAR

*An International Magazine*

SEPTEMBER



1928

The Spark and the Flame J. Krishnamurti

Gautama Buddha John Caldwell-Johnston

Egoic Motives Ernest Wood

The Psychology of Women  
Mary Weeks Burnett, M. D.



PRICE FORTY CENTS

# THE STAR

THE STAR is an international magazine published simultaneously in twenty-one countries and fourteen languages—Bulgarian, Danish, Dutch, English, Finnish, Flemish, French, German, Italian, Norwegian, Portuguese, Russian, Spanish, and Swedish. It has representatives in forty-seven countries.

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1. The main purpose of THE STAR is to proclaim the message of Krishnamurti, the World-Teacher. The essence of this message is Happiness through Liberation.
2. THE STAR desires to create the miracle of order over centuries of chaos and to bring about the true and harmonious understanding of life.

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# The Strangers

By J. KRISHNAMURTI



T the great heights,  
Where the snow-clad mountains  
Meet the blue firmament,  
I met with two strangers.  
We talked awhile

And separated,  
Never again to meet.

As two ships,  
On the vast waters of the sea,  
Pass each other,  
And the travellers thereof  
Wave to each other,  
Never to meet again,  
So were we  
On this sea of life.

Often  
Have I felt sad  
At the passing by  
Of a stranger,  
In some lonesome spot.  
But yesterday,  
When the two strangers  
That I met with  
Disappeared  
Around the bend of a narrow path,  
My heart went with them,  
And they remained with me.

Of what nationality,  
Of what faith,  
I know not,  
Nor care I.

They were like unto me,  
Alone in a solitary place  
Seeking new visions,  
Climbing greater heights,  
Struggling up dangerous paths,  
And going down to the valley  
Once again.

This incessant struggle  
To reach the mountain top,  
Rarely attaining the glory thereof,  
But ever descending  
To the plains,  
Where man makes his abode,  
Had been my lot,  
Life upon life.

But now,  
O strangers,  
I have reached the pinnacle  
Of the mysterious mountain.  
I know full well  
The struggles thereof,  
The great chasms that divide,  
The precipices that men  
Slip down.

I know full well  
The multitude of paths  
That encircle the mountain,  
But they meet all  
At the narrow ridge,  
Beyond which  
All must climb upward  
If they would attain  
The mountain summit.

There is only one path  
Leading upward  
Beyond that ridge  
Towards which all paths  
Come together.

O strangers,  
I know not  
Where ye be,  
Through what joys,  
Through what struggles  
Ye are passing,  
But ye are myself.

As two stars  
Of a sudden,  
Come into being  
Of a dark night,  
So ye two  
Came into my vision  
And there ye are established.  
My heart is the heart  
Of my well-Beloved,  
It holdeth a multitude.

O my strangers,  
Once again  
Ye and I shall meet.  
I dwell in the abode  
Which is the end  
Of all journey.  
To be united with the Beloved  
Is to love all.  
For in all  
Dwelleth the Beloved.

# The Spark and the Flame

By J. KRISHNAMURTI



HERE once lived a person by the name of Krishnamurti who from the very beginning of things perceived that there was only one end, that there was only one goal, and that is the union with the Beloved, and that in that union is Liberation and Happiness. But before achieving that union, that Liberation and Happiness, he had to develop, he had to try every path, every route on that mountain where humanity abides. So, at various periods of time, during various lives, during various epochs, he passed from one stage to another, from one temperament to another, from one experience to another, from one desire to another, till he had explored all avenues that were, he thought, going to lead him to the mountain top. Each path led him a little higher, but none took him to the end, he was never able to achieve what he desired—the complete union with the Beloved, with the Guru of Gurus. So, after experimenting, after struggling, after seeing the blue skies of the heavens and the dark clouds thereof, he at last set aside all things, all desires, all affections, all sorrows, all pleasures and all paths, because all paths are different stages leading but to the one end. So he set aside all these paths and listened to the voice which was the outcome of the experience which he gathered through all the avenues of thought, of emotion, and of action.

Gathering that strength, he set aside all things and so was able to complete that union, that union with the flame, which brings peace, which brings complete Liberation and utter Happiness. So those individuals who, like Krishnamurti, have but one desire, but one end—for all humanity has but one end, one purpose, one goal—those individuals must set aside all things and learn to rely on themselves and to establish themselves in the strength which they have gathered from the multitude of their experiences, of their various experiments in many lives.

There is no Teacher except the Teacher within one, there is no Truth except the Truth of self-realization, which unfolds to the individual the goal, which is the destruction of the separate self, which is the union with the Beloved, the union of the spark with the flame. So I would tell you how to attain that end, that immeasurable goal, that vastness within which the separate self ceases and vanishes. What happens to the separate self afterwards is of no importance; whether it remains within the flame or cometh forth again, only the flame can answer.

In order to unite with the flame, in order to lose the self, in order to attain Liberation and Happiness, you must develop as that individual, Krishnamurti, developed. You cannot blossom forth and become a rose in a day, but if you have intensity of longing, immense power and strength behind you, it will carry you to that height where you can live constantly with the Beloved, even though you may not yet be united with the Beloved.

In order to develop the three beings which are within each one of you, harmoniously and coördinately and synthetically, and thus to bring about union, harmony and complete peace, you needs must have long practice and persistent struggle. Without refinement, without culture, and without simplicity, which is the outcome of these two, there will be no union, there will be no contact with the flame. You cannot divide the flame, for the flame is one; it is simple because it includes all the millions of sparks. And so, if you would attain to union with the flame, you must become simple with the simplicity which is born out of refinement, out of culture. For behavior, the outward expression of our inward thoughts, dwells with righteousness, and you must establish within yourselves that right and true behavior in all things and towards all things. In order to express that refinement and that culture, which all people feel at great moments of ecstasy, you must train the body which is the outward expression, or rather which should be the outward expression of your inward greatness, spirituality, and nobility.

So you must first of all control the body, and to gain control needs practice and continual care, and then the body will not develop disharmoniously, and will not have habits, tricks, and sudden desires, sudden worries, sudden angers of its own. The body is merely an instrument of that self which is part of the flame; and as the self which is the spark of that flame develops more and more, becomes more refined, more cultured, and grows nearer to the flame, the body must also represent in the outward form the inward feelings, the inward thoughts, the inward purity. In order to control the actions of the body, in order to control the feelings, the passions and the cravings of the body, you must meditate regularly. What kind of meditation is of no importance, if certain forms or systems suit you, adopt them, the result is the important thing and not the system. Whether you achieve the mountain top through one particular form or through another is of small value; what is important is that you should arrive at that state of mind and of emotion when the body can represent, can act, can do things that you desire. Together with the physical, which is the outward expression, there must be the inward reality, the inward development of the emotions and of the mind.

I continue with the story of Krishnamurti. In the days when the world was young and when there were gods among men, there lived a separate entity, a separate soul, by the name of Krishnamurti. He had, in developing that separate self, desired to grow into the flame, which is the desire of all little sparks, of all the separate sparks which exist within each one in the world.

And during the growth from the spark to the flame, that separate entity, that separate self, Krishnamurti, developed by process of destructive emotions, by creative emotions, by emotions that are refined, by emotions that are gross, by various stages, life after life, acquiring and discarding, accumulating and eliminating, until little by little, in process of time, travelling on the pathless track, he reached that stage where he realized that in order to have lasting emotions, to have love and devotion, there must be a constant training of the heart, there must be peace and serenity. So he set about building a temple within his own heart, building an altar at which he could worship his Beloved with tranquillity, and give his devotion with the certainty that he would develop into

a flame which would eventually become the flame of the Beloved. Now, when he was able to perceive that in order to become part of the Beloved, the love had to be impersonal, had to be pure, had to be strong, he set aside all things in order to attain the mountain top of freedom and of Liberation and of Happiness. In perceiving that, he realized that he had first to gather the vital energy from all feelings—destructive and constructive—so that he could with greater force, with greater strength, leap into the flame and become part of that flame. And in the realization of separateness there naturally grew up the desire to become part of the One, and by the process of time, by accumulation, by elimination, by destruction and by creation, he developed, he grew into that flame and so was able to lose himself in that flame and become part of the Beloved. Because he has become part of that Eternity, part of that everlasting flame, part of that Kingdom of Happiness and of Liberation, because he is one with the Beloved, he is able to love all impersonally. That individual who started as a separate self many lives, many centuries ago, was able to become part of the Beloved, part of that flame, which made him love all the world, because the Beloved dwells in all, either fully developed or hardly developed as yet.

So I would tell you of the development of this love which is impersonal, which is pure, which gives vitality and energy, which is creative force, the force that purifies because it creates and expands. As I said previously, there is in each one of us an emotional entity which is separate, which is apart and distinct from the others, creating and destroying on its own, irrespective of the mental and the physical. Without consideration, without thought, the emotional being develops on its own, till it learns to adapt and harmonize itself to the other two. Till that lesson is learned, till that particular point of view becomes its own, it will have to suffer, and in suffering there is not only destruction but also creation.

Now, if you would develop the spark, which is within each one of you, into a magnificent flame and eventually become part of the eternal flame which is the heart of the Beloved, you must distinguish between creative and destructive energies and emotions; and then you will enter that Kingdom of Happiness, which will liberate you from all earthly toils, from all earthly pleasures, all earthly sorrows, which will liberate you from the wheel of life and death, and you will live on that mountain top where there is eternal peace, eternal harmony. In order to distinguish between what is true and what is fleeting, between what is lasting and what is passing, you must create a mirror, and every feeling that arises in you, whether it be from the mire of selfishness or from the purity of great devotion, must be examined. That mirror will present to your mind and to your intelligence what to choose and what to discard, what to eliminate and what to conserve. But while this examination must be ceaseless and persistent, it becomes dangerous if it makes you self-centered and much more interested in your own feelings, your own desires, than in the desires and feelings of others; because from that self-centeredness there naturally grows morbidness, depression and sorrow. Against this danger, those who seek the path of peace must fight. Those who find the Truth, though they examine themselves, though they inspect, question and criticise the emotions of the self, must not be morbid,

must look not only within themselves, but must turn outward with cheerfulness and activity.

What then are the destructive energies which bind, which make us narrow, which make for limitation? Anger and irritation, jealousy and hatred are binding, as are also our worries, our envies of another, our hatred of another, our self-centeredness; all these limit, bind, all these are destructive emotions.

On the other side, the constructive, there is only one energy which may be multiplied into many, and that is love. Love in its lowest form is experienced both by animals and human beings, but out of that love is born devotion, which is love at its highest, which is impersonal, pure, strong, and serene. In developing that highest love you must pass from darkness into light, from the unreal to the real. So, whatever be the form of love, even if small, undeveloped and as yet in the stage of the bud, unblossomed, cling to it, encourage it, glorify it, and make it pure, for love, whatever its form, is creative and expanding.

The love of one individual for another, though it be limited, will gradually develop into the love of the nation, by force of evolution, till it eventually becomes the love of the whole world. You can trace for yourselves the process of the expansion of this love. Such a love, if truly cultivated, truly understood, will bring about culture, refinement, because culture and refinement are the products of consideration for another.

Without a heart which is calm and yet vibrant, you will not understand the flame which is always dancing, which is always alive, everlastingly burning. So, in order to produce that creative dance of love, you must have within you this realization, that you are part of the flame, part of that eternal world in which there is Liberation and Happiness.

Krishnamurti, in search of that Happiness and that Liberation which await all equally, once lived in the valley where for many lives he was a slave of the emotions, of the desires, of the cravings of the physical body alone. For, in his progress towards the mountain top, that individual had to taste, had to experience, had to gather the fruits of every emotion, of every sorrow, of every pleasure, in order to fulfill and to attain the end. But by gradual process of time, by suffering, by more intensive desires, he became a slave of the emotions, he was caught up in a whirlpool of desires and intense longings, and for many lives he remained in that state; but gradually, as the spring comes after a weary winter, he began to perceive that Happiness and Liberation could only be achieved through the subjugation and control of the physical body and the emotions; and that for this he must develop his mind, for the mind is the guide, the controller. Life after life, he began to lay up experience within that mind, as one stores grain. As one builds an edifice laying brick upon brick by slow degrees, by labor, by struggle, by sorrow, by creative energy, and imagination, so he began through that experience to build in his mind the edifice which would carry him to the abode of his Beloved. And through the building of that edifice, through the perfecting of the physical, of the emotional and of the mental beings within him, through the gradual harmonizing and controlling of these beings he was able to get into touch with that voice, which is the voice of experience, which is the intuition, which is the voice of all humanity; for the outcome of experience is the same for all, when the lessons of experience have been

learned. As a stream which at the beginning is very small and insignificant, gathers more waters ever as it goes, collects to itself other little streams till it becomes a roaring river and joins the sea, so was Krishnamurti able to gather experience, little by little, life after life. Though he was small at the beginning, though he was insignificant at the beginning, by his struggles, by his longings, by his pleasures, by his devotions, and by his energy, he was able to become a roaring stream, and was able to join the Beloved. So the beginning and the end, so the night and the day were united. Though a very small person at the commencement, he was able to see the Beloved and thus eventually to lose himself in that consciousness, in that flame, in that Liberation and Happiness.

In order to attain this Liberation and Happiness which is the goal for all, which is the end for all, those who are searching for that end must understand, must learn to control, to guide, and to train their minds. Most people take trouble in order to keep their physical bodies beautiful, young, alive, energetic, and as elastic as possible; but as the mind is not perceived, they do not pay so much attention to it as to the physical body; but he who would attain Liberation, he who would understand this Happiness, he who would join with the Beloved, he who would give Happiness and Liberation to others, must learn to spend a great deal of his time and energy in creating a great and a peaceful mind. He must have a mind that is controlled and yet elastic, yielding, not narrow nor bound, a mind that is willing to understand, that is refined and cultured; and for the production of such a mind, experience through many lives is necessary. For out of the lessons of sorrow and pain, out of the lessons of longings and immense desires is born intelligence—intelligence that will discriminate, choose, and guide.

In order to attain Liberation, the mind must act as a guide and not the cravings of either the emotions or of the physical body. For, the mind is either a creator or a destroyer and as the mind is continually creating and destroying on its own, irrespective of the physical and of the emotional beings, until it is brought into harmony with the other two, it does not cultivate intuition. The highest purpose of the mind is to develop that intuition which will guide the whole of one's being life after life.

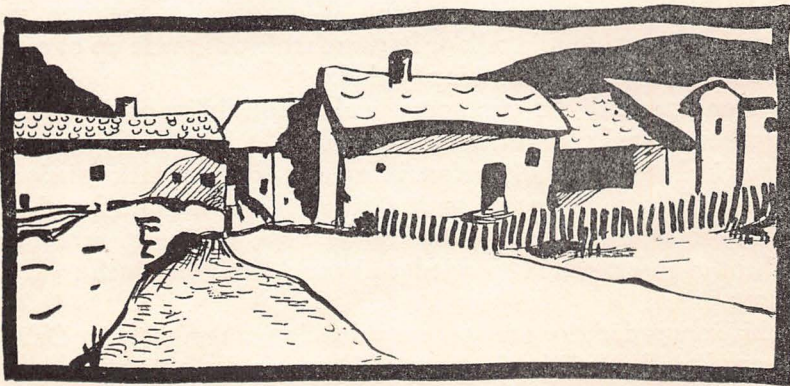
As there is in the mind the constructive and the destructive side, let us first consider the constructive. The goal and the end for all, irrespective of temperament, irrespective of nationalities, irrespective of all things, is Liberation and Happiness, and in the development of the creative side of the mind lies understanding of the goal. Those, therefore, who would be liberated, who would understand this happiness, must study and understand all sides of life, and not one alone. In helping others to attain Liberation and Happiness, we must look to all forms of life—religion, politics, science, and art. Every human being, whether he be of a far off country or of our own, desires to attain this Liberation and this Happiness, and any one of the forms may be his means of attainment. Those who would help really and lastingly, must find out along what lines they can best give their creative energies.

On the destructive side of the mind—for until he has arrived at the stage of Liberation, every person possesses both the constructive and the destructive—is intolerance. Unless you understand that Liberation and Happiness is the goal,

the end for all, intolerance is born; and out of this intolerance arises criticism and a sense of superiority. But when you understand that the end for man is Liberation, as the end for the river is the ocean, there will be no intolerance, no criticism, no hatred, no sense of superiority.

Another destructive side of the mind is the exaggeration of the importance of the separate self, the self that, naturally, through the process of time, through the period of climbing from the plains to the mountain top, is glorified, becomes more and more powerful, till at last it is destroyed and becomes part of the eternal, of the Beloved, till it becomes part of that flame. Till that is realized, the importance of the self, the exaggeration of the self, exists in each one and from this is born pride of the individual, from this is born pride which is destructive and from that pride comes cruelty, the mental cruelty of superiority, of indifference, and out of this is born again arrogance, the pride of race, of caste, of wealth, of culture, of refinement. So, he who would develop the constructive side of his mind, must understand that Liberation and Happiness is the one goal, and that in working for that alone will intuition help him.

In order to build up this creative side of his intellect, there must be solitude, there must be time for thought, time for gathering, time for contemplation, time for dreams, time for meditation. You must learn to control the mind, you must learn to make the mind active and at the same time subservient; and when within you the union of the three bodies is complete, then the voice of intuition will guide forever and lead you to Liberation and Happiness. Liberation and Happiness is your own product, though everyone in the attainment thereof comes together; it is an individual creation, though everyone in creating it is united; the discovery of this Kingdom of Happiness and Liberation is an individual effort and energy, but in discovering that Kingdom of Happiness and Liberation you will meet all the peoples of the world who are striving, who are conquering and who have achieved. So, the mind and the heart and the body, when united, will be joined with the Beloved, with the Eternal and with that flame of which the individual self is the spark.



# The Spoken Word

By JOHN A. INGELMAN



RISHNAJI tells us over and over again that "the only thing that matters is the Life; that our goal must be the harmonious understanding of Life," and intuitively we realize that he knows and has a right to speak, because he is Truth and sounds forth that keynote.

When we venture to say the same thing there is a different meaning, since we as yet cannot speak as Life. To take one instance: Many of us have heard people boldly assert that they have "cosmic consciousness" but we have instantly felt that their very words contained a denial of the statement. Why do we feel this? Because we instinctively recognize in them the very antithesis of cosmic consciousness—conceit, that emotional weed which separates men from men, and glorifies one's own little self at the expense of other selves. A little later the companion weed of separateness—prejudice—usually made its appearance.

In speaking of cosmic consciousness, we do not fail to appreciate the fact that it has been achieved at various degrees all through the ages by the few, even as today. In its ultimate sense, it is another name for becoming one with the Beloved, one with Life, the unavoidable goal of all humanity. But to establish this our goal which Krishnaji stresses as of primary importance, we should be careful not to use his words to suit our own desires; instead, to seek ever to understand his Truth?

Let us briefly consider in this connection one important factor—the power of the spoken word. As a rule, do we not all continually take in vain the wondrous mystery of speech, the gift accorded to man alone? Has it not often struck us how our spoken words are a challenge to Life, which responds by presenting us with circumstances in which we are forced to prove ourselves true or false?

Do we not far too often find that what we have said was not a reality to us, but merely a parrot-like repetition of somebody else's words—often only a superficial criticism or unfounded opinion. We have all many times made the discovery while listening to a talk or lecture that it was made up of a conglomeration of words with little meaning behind.

The significance of the importance and responsibility of the spoken word has yet to be realized. If we aspire to become disciples of Truth, our words will be weighed most carefully before being sent forth on their mission of usefulness to our fellow men, as we must always reckon with the fact that human nature tends to take too many things for granted, willing to accept only too readily theories and so-called knowledge divorced from the touchstone of actual experience.

In this connection, let me quote a valuable paragraph from Dr. Van der Leeuw's excellent book, *The Conquest of Illusion*:

"It is in the acid test of daily life that the worth of a philosophy is proved. Morality is never the beginning, but always the end. While knowledge may re-

main a stranger to action, wisdom, being experience of life, can never fail to stamp our every word and action with its seal."

In the proportion that the words of each one of us carry this invisible though potent seal, will they affect our fellow men. Our words reflect our own natures, which we alone have the power to make or mar, thereby creating either messengers of Truth, Beauty and Happiness to the world or their opposites.

Through our ignorance, for countless ages, have we not failed Life? Why need we longer persist, instead of resolutely deciding to realize the responsibility we carry in our words as well as in our feelings and in our thoughts? For as they become true we become the Beloved. To the light perceived by each one of us we must be true—that is the Truth for us. Thus will Krishnaji's beautiful words apply: "If you are a lamp unto yourself you do not cast a shadow across the path of your fellow men."

Experience is the great Alchemist who opens the floodgates and lets through an ever-widening flow of Life, until finally veil after veil of matter becomes translucent—no longer a hindrance to Life, which then will claim its own.

Evolution, as we call it, has seemingly proceeded so far that when today again the World-Teacher—who is Life—comes to us and speaks to us about His own essence—Life—there are already people from every country, of every creed, willing and eager to listen.

May we recall to those of our brothers who expect great oratory which is art, or vast knowledge of form which is science, that the heart of humanity has never gone out to its great World-Teachers because of these accomplishments? A World-Teacher comes, not to astonish the world by His brilliancy, but to help the world by His Truth.



## Depending on Authorities

To a lame person a crutch is essential, and it is no good saying to him, "Throw away your crutch," but rather you should tell him to get so strong that crutches will be unnecessary, and at the same time you warn him not to decorate the crutch and thus give a false value to it. People throughout the world, at the present time are merely decorating the cage of authority in which they are held, and they call that progress. They are getting more and more dependent, mentally and emotionally, on others. So, not to be dependent on crutches, people must have strength of mind, integrity of character, ecstasy of purpose, and be free from all forms, all beliefs, systems, and theories.—*Krishnaji*.

# The Contagion of Emotion

By MARIE RUSSAK HOTCHENER



HERE is little doubt but that many students of behavioristic phenomena delve earnestly into Krishnaji's teachings, eagerly searching for the verities that specially bear upon the particular lines of study they may have been pursuing; this is true of my own study of what we are privileged to receive from him. One loves to search out those things which aid one to find ways and means of reëducating and controlling the personality—the three bodies, as Krishnaji calls them. His article on the subject in the June *Star* is of invaluable help, as well as others of his addresses which emphasize the necessity for such careful training. He describes the goal for our actions, emotions and thoughts, and points out the value of meditation. In his opinion the method of doing this does not so much matter so long as one gets the results and is not bound by the methods.

This is very encouraging because some of us have been specializing for many years in a detailed study of the three bodies, considering each one separately. Many systems have been tried and the essentials extracted from each. The most satisfactory results have been attained by accepting the wisdom of the ancient philosophies *as hypotheses*, and then turning to the scientific study of modern physiology, biology, neurology, and psychology for the mechanistic details of behavioristic phenomena, and incidentally proving the postulates of that wisdom. Not that the proof was necessary, for it was felt intuitively that the teachings were true, but it is better to know and understand as much as possible from personal experience.

The methods employed and the systems followed may not have been the only ones, but they were practical and brought results.

I began by studying each body separately. The physical body was analyzed in clinics; the questions of diet were studied in a laboratory where the different foods were analyzed, and their influence on the body evaluated; physiology and neurology were interesting aids in comprehending the nature of the senses, and their reactions upon the habits and health; psychology and philosophy were of great assistance in the study of the emotions as well as of mental states. Meditation and mind control followed during long years of practice.

The reason for making this explanation is because from time to time I shall detail in these columns some of the results of this study, hoping that they may be helpful to other students who have not had the time, perhaps, for such detailed search.

But we are all determined to make every endeavor to reach the goal which Krishnaji has pointed out, and we also desire to help each other if we can. Krishnaji has not, as yet, detailed any particular method for training the personality, and until he does we are dependent on those which seem to us the most practical and that have proved their value.

One of the first things to understand is the nature and mechanism of what the ancient philosophy called the "elementals." Krishnaji says of them: "If you have a trained mind you will be able to distinguish between the desires of the elementals of the body and the mind itself, between the emotions and the real Self. The body has its own feelings, its own instincts and desires. If you leave it alone it will act in a certain fashion and make tremendous efforts to get its desire satisfied. Most of us do not know how to distinguish between the body and the real Self; we are in a state of complete confusion."

What then are these elementals? How are they born? What is their function? What is the mind's relation to them? These are some of the questions that arise in the mind of the student and which it is well to consider somewhat in detail.

The elementals are the source of the habits we possess, habits of action, emotion, and thought. They are actuated by man's consciousness which has become habituated through lives of experience to express itself in particular ways.

Consciousness is one of the three aspects of all existence; life and substance are the other two aspects. It seems very difficult for students to understand the difference between the person himself and the consciousness working in his personality—in his elementals. The necessity for this understanding is imperative.

If you are swimming in the ocean it is not difficult to understand that the water is separate from the body, yet enveloping it, clothing it completely. You are within it, looking at it, feeling it. It is very much the same with consciousness. You are completely enveloped in it, outside and in. There is the great sea of cosmic consciousness outside you, yet the real you is separate from it. It clothes all your actions, emotions and thoughts in the same way that it clothes you, but you are not consciousness.

In all your past experiences your consciousness has not been directed by you (unless you have understood how to guide it) as it clothed your actions, emotions, and thoughts. It has been guided by the events and circumstances of daily life over which you have probably had little or no control. These have made grooves (one might call them so) in the consciousness, and the cosmic elemental essence of the spaces lying next to you has been drawn into the grooves and gradually formed into actions, emotions, and thoughts—habits of a certain quality. It is as though there had been formed within you three invisible beings, one acting, one feeling, one thinking. These are what are known as elementals.

These three have in a certain sense solidified the elemental essence, molded it into definite forms and modes of expression—our habits. In the great majority of people these forms and modes are controlled by the lower mind, that lower part of one that has not as yet evolved to the stage where the higher mind, the ego, the real man, can use and direct it.

In other words the elementals are for long periods of evolution the "children" of the lower mind and are stubborn as it is stubborn, resent as it resents, and die as regretfully and fearfully as the lower mind regrets and fears death to its habitudes, when one determines to create new habits. Therefore it is no easy matter to force out of oneself the old habits, for it means that the essence that

clothed the former elementals must cease to exist as those habits, must absolutely die to former expressions in every sense of the word.

In this case the former elemental essence, that has so long expressed the consciousness, is forced out, and new and more refined essence rushes in and clothes it for the new forms or grooves that you have created. New elementals are thus born, three of them, separate entities, yet each of them interpenetrating the other two. This means a "new birth" for the personality. It means that the real you will now be the ruler and not the slave of the elementals. The real you must now be recognized as the higher consciousness of the ego in contradistinction to the former, lower consciousness of the personality.

There is only one sense in which such "hall-marked" essence can continue to eke out for a time a continued, particular existence before becoming once more a part of the general elemental existence, the unformed sea of it. It can sometimes continue to exist vicariously for a time. In other words, it can be drawn magnetically to people who possess elementals of like quality to itself.

When forced out of a particular personality, forced out on being replaced by less heavy and coarse elemental essence, that of a more refined "specific gravity," the hall-marked essence does not always disintegrate and return to the general mass at once. It sometimes remains near its previous dwelling-place, especially if there are lingering traces of its former habits still persisting in the consciousness of the personality it previously ensouled. But when these lingering traces no longer exist in its former haunts it floats off into the general atmosphere where it will naturally remain during the process of disintegration.

Now if this discarded essence happens to pass a person or environment with an "atmosphere" akin to its own, as is very often the case, it will still be able to attach itself; or, more correctly speaking, since it has little or no actual volition of its own, it becomes magnetically attached to that person or environment, special environments as well as individuals having definite elementals also.

When it becomes attached to another person with elementals like itself, its vibrations serve to stimulate and strengthen the tendencies, the habits, of the elementals in that person. When thus attached they look like tree-moss, long, waving, cobwebby forms. For this reason, as well as many others, there is great danger and much unwisdom of possessing habits of low degree.

There is another interesting fact to be remembered here. People exude this form of ensouled essence not only at times when they are reforming their personal habits, but at other times also. For example: When a strong emotion of any kind takes place, very powerful vibrations in the elemental essence are aroused. These not only stir the elementals to a "boiling" state, but the elemental essence overflows the periphery of the aura into the surrounding atmosphere and influences anyone who happens to be present and who may be sharing in like thoughts and emotions. This is the contagion of emotions.

Perhaps you have not heard of emotional contagion. I speak of it, not in any morbid sense, but in a *scientific* sense. Erudite psychologists are now considering its phenomena and call it "mob psychology." We go through life and are forced by the laws of attraction and repulsion to be sensitive. I repeat, we actually attract and repulse according to the magnetic qualities of our elemen-

tals, so far as the personality is concerned. We also attract and repulse so far as the ego is concerned, but that is another story; we are now dealing especially with the elemental essence that clothes the consciousness of the personality.

The obsession or vicarious attachment to oneself of discarded, still vividly living, elemental essence of other people's personalities (of the elementals, or remnant of elementals, floating in the atmosphere) is one of the greatest dangers to students, especially to those who are studying to be spiritually constructive. The greatest menace is to those persons who possess uncontrolled emotions and who are thus not immune to such emotional contagion.

There is another phase of this emotional contagion that should be kept in mind as it is a constant danger to people who have strong thoughts and desires. Many people might say that they would never unduly influence another, or force him to think and feel alike with them. Consciously they may think they do not, but subconsciously they may be doing it, even more powerfully than when done deliberately. If a person has been desiring something intensely that another can give, or thinking that another *ought* to think according to his certain way of thinking, the vibrations from the elementals reach out invisibly like a cloud and envelop the other person and coerce him in a powerful way, especially if he is near, and cause him to consent, though at first he was unwilling. In such a case the elementals of the intensive thinker become more powerful than the reasoning of a less intensive thinker.

The quality of emotional elemental essence is more vibrant, pulsating, insidiously penetrating, and viscous than that of the physical essence. The consciousness that is ensouled by the emotional elemental essence is more related to the life aspect of existence than to the form aspect, consequently is more vibrantly living, more difficult of control. And so, in an elemental that is discarded at a certain advanced stage of emotional excesses, there is a much longer persistence of life than for the elemental essence of either the mental or physical part of the personality.

Now suppose that some overt act causes a person with emotional vices to resolve to reform, and in a short time, with great force of will, he throws out the living, pulsating essence in his emotional elemental and replaces it with that of a better quality, it is not difficult for us to realize that the essence thus set free will live on, cling to, and be attracted to others of like nature.

Suppose, also, that there were someone else who was possessed of like emotions of a vibrant character, but who may not possess such a strong will. If he happens to contact such discarded essence he is bound, through the law of action and reaction, to be emotionally sensitive to such essence. It will fasten its viscous tentacles to him, obtain a temporary vicarious existence, and also strengthen him in his excesses.

Emotional contagion is as scientifically recognized as typhoid or other disease contagion. More so, in fact, for emotional germs, as said before, are more living and penetrating than physical germs, and emotional immunity cannot occur through any physical disinfectant or injection.

A physical contagion takes place, as we know, through the action of three factors: germs to carry it; entrance into another organism; and conditions in the body that are favorable to attracting and receiving them. The same three

factors obtain in emotional contagion, but there is greater rapidity in the spread of the infection.

History reveals many striking cases of this, as demonstrated by emotional epidemics, such as the Crusades, Children's Crusades, witchcraft, pogroms, associations of flagellants, and the dancing madness of the Middle Ages. These are nothing more or less than the result of emotional contagion.

In 1261 there was an epidemic of piety and wild emotional religiosity that spread with unimaginable rapidity over a region of Italy that was formerly renowned for its profligacy. It even spread to Rome and over Italy generally. It took the form of hundreds of thousands forming in processions, carrying burning candles, and scourging their bodies, wailing; and most of them poorly clad, facing the bitter cold of winter without noticing it, their minds completely deadened by their emotions. They threw their bleeding bodies on altars in their religious excitement. Thousands died from the hardships and exposure.

Something of the same kind prevailed in Germany in 1348 at the time of the "black plague." This scourge was looked upon as a divine visitation and the emotional contagion spread far and wide.

Perhaps the most pitiful of these emotional epidemics was at the time of the Children's Crusades. In 1212 thousands of the youth marched from Germany over the Alps to the Adriatic. They had no leaders and little money, and their wild emotionalism sustained them in the hope to wrench the sacred tomb from the Turks. They perished in large numbers, were robbed and killed, and only a few remained when they reached Genoa. These gradually made their way once more to their homes.

A similar pilgrimage took place from Paris in 1237 and failed in the same manner. Another from Erfurt was similarly bent, the pilgrims making their entire way dancing and singing in emotional orgies, gathering recruits who received the contagion in the villages through which they passed.

We read also of the thousands of dance-mad men and women who in 1374 appeared at Aix-la-Chapelle and in wild delirium danced in the churches and streets until they fell exhausted. All the physical senses seemed dead, and they scourged their bodies mercilessly.

Dr. George W. Jacoby, the noted physician and psychologist of the New York Academy of Medicine, has given in his book on suggestion some illuminating details of the power of this emotional contagion. Let the student add the details of this knowledge to occult teachings, and he will realize more fully how necessary it is to control his emotions, sufficiently at least to prevent himself from disseminating diseased elemental essence.

The most practical way is to control the lower emotions by substituting those of the higher, and to create a positive epidemic of joy and happiness based on a poised, well-informed, and harmonious mentality. These are the "germs" that will help to heal the sorrow of the world. A student thus equipped will not only help to bring such feelings to others, but he himself will be immune to the emotional contagion of any depressing environmental elementals that he may contact.

Let the student remember that the laws of the inner realms of our being are as unfailing and reliable as those of the physical ones, and that to under-

stand and work with those laws is a very practical step towards Liberation. We are only liberated from things that dominate and impede our progress when we understand how to control and dominate them. We are not other than our actions, emotions, and thoughts, and our progress towards the goal can be measured by their quality.

It might sometime be of interest to suggest the detailed steps by which one can deliberately develop within himself sequentially those physical, emotional, and mental attributes which would make him impervious to mob contagion and other undesirable obsessions from without, and which would at the same time make him a radiating source and a living example of the cultural civilization of future races.

## Deva Song

In the Ojai Valley.

By MARY GRAY



AM come like a south wind, blown from perfumed spaces, where the silver moon hangs her sickle. I will waft about you tenderly the perfume of the violets, the essence of the rose, and the wild wood smells of the deep-hearted fir.

Breathe deep, O friends, of the sacred perfumes with which I shower you, secure in that they be undefiled by man's ignorance, secure in that they breathe forth, in all purity, the fragrance of the planetary spirit.

Long now have I sojourned far from this planet, far afield in the Land of Asphodel. Men's hearts were not attuned to hear my songs. Weary were they with the weight of world-wide wars, and their tired spirits must need sleep within the chrysalis of flesh.

Now I am come again to stir their hearts through Song Celestial, to bid them wake, for now the hour draws near when man and beast and flower, deva and sprite and pixie, hand in hand, and linked in bonds of tender love, together shall send forth at dawn their united paean of worship.

Lift your hearts, Heralds of the Dawn!

Raise clear the trumpet of your voices and send forth the note of earthly joy which shall resound from sphere to sphere, echoing through caverns and through the dusky murk of cities, in the silent places of the hills, and in the noisy marts of men—the joy that cometh with the coming of the World-Teacher.

Peace to you all, and let not the heavy airs of earth weigh down your silver spirits. Let not the cobwebs of the earth dim the shining of your souls. Let not your shoulders bend beneath the weight of daily burdens.

But a little while you have to wait and the hour is come, trumpeted from star to star by the Herald Angels of the morn.

When the eye grows dim through gazing on the dust of daily labor, let the spirit slip free and wing its way through the blue spaces of the planetary night, star-gemmed, and let the cool winds of space blow away, as they blow about you, all memory of heaviness and pain.

Beauty dwells ever resplendent for those who seek her, and no soul need be imprisoned one hour longer than it wills.

# Gautama Buddha

(A Dramatic Monologue)

By JOHN CALDWELL-JOHNSTON

## ARGUMENT

GAUTAMA BUDDHA, now eighty years of age, accompanied by Ananda, his cousin, and a numerous concourse of monks and disciples, is about to cross the Ganges for the last time, on his way to Kusinagara. Before crossing the river, he stands in a grove of sâl trees on a large square stone, and, gazing tenderly at his companions, he speaks words of comfort and farewell.

★ ★ ★



NOW, therefore, ere I go upon my way,  
The Unreturning, ere my Lotus blooms  
Ineffable upon the Lakes of Bliss,  
And Earth sees me no more; ere this white shaft,  
That is my Soul, sped from this bow of steel,  
Which is my Will, spin through yon disk of gold  
Which is the Sun, the Heart of Ishvara,  
Irrevocably; I would speak some words  
Of comfort. Weep not! Lo, the way is long,  
Inscrutable the end, the obstacles  
Innumerable! Yea! Yet I who have  
Through lives on lives on lives uncounted trod  
Each thumb's breadth of the way, I certify  
To you, assure, declare and testify  
That It, the Heart, is good!

All these are shows,  
Empty and vain, mere masks, mere mummeries;  
The Truth is all! O seekers of the Truth,  
O Lion-hearted, oft have I revealed  
To you the Truth, making the pattern sure,  
As weaver with his shuttle takes the threads,  
Now blue, now scarlet, missing not his aim,  
Under and over, over, under—lo,  
The perfect piece, the web, the paragon!

Look not to me! That which is perishable,  
That ye behold! I am not perishable,  
Therefore regard not. Let thine inner ear  
Hear words not spoken, let thine inner eye  
See things invisible, let thine inner touch  
Feel the intangible; for such is the Truth,  
Such is the Buddha, the Enlightened One,  
Who, leaving you, doth yet abide with you,  
Imperishably!

Five and forty years

Ago I sat beneath the Sacred Fig  
At Bodhimanda. Heaven, earth, and that  
Which is beneath, lay open to my gaze.  
I saw the gods, Indra upon his throne.  
Brahmâ and Agni, tens of thousand gods  
In tens of thousand heavens, lotus-blooms  
Innumerable on the lakes of Bliss;  
These came and went, vanished and sprang  
again,

The same, yet different, different, the same;  
Heavens of rubies, heavens of crystal, gold,  
Amber, of precious metals, precious stones,  
Heavens of spices, heavens of sweet sounds,  
Of flooding colors, mid-noons, sunsets,  
dawns;

Heavens that were like to a field of flowers  
High up Himâlaya, when the snows have  
gone;

Heavens as pale as the white moon upon  
The long steps of Benares, when the  
throngs

Of chanting pilgrims white-robed leave the  
stream

Of Gangâ in Diwâli. These I saw,  
Undazzled; yea, and Earth was shown to  
me,

Her peoples and her tribes, her lands and  
seas;

Himâlaya, and a world of mountain heights  
Beyond Himâlaya; deserts of such sands  
That scarce the sun can traverse in his day  
Of shining; trackless forests, where the  
beasts

Running a lifetime could not gain the edge;  
Rivers whereto our Gangâ were a brook;

Lakes wide as seas, whose waves in time of storm

Rise mast-high; oceans uncompassable.

Such is the Earth; and of her peoples, who  
Shall speak? Let him first count them! Of  
the hells

Likewise, that lie beneath. All these were  
shown.

What are they?

Lo, in such and such an age  
I met with such a Buddha. I was then  
In such a form; with me Yasodharā  
In such a form: perchance, two slaves, per-  
chance,

Two parrots: ye, my friends, in such a form.  
What is it? Wisdom got I, Wisdom gave;  
The rest is folly. Children of the Wheel,  
I come that I may free you from the Wheel;  
For him that yet is bound upon the Wheel,  
Shall sorrow follow, as the cart the ox.  
Seek ye then Wisdom! What is Wisdom? I  
Shall teach you Wisdom. All that is desire,  
Is sorrow. Act not! Action is desire,  
Inaction is desire. Whether ye act  
Or act not, ye desire! Thought is desire.  
Not-thinking is desire. Whether ye think  
Or think not, ye desire! Life is desire.  
Not-living is desire. Whether ye live  
Or not-live, ye desire!

Be not as those  
Who deem by practising austerities  
To kill desire. Desire cannot be killed.  
Such are as one who piles up wood on  
flames

Or quencheth streams with water. Lo, the  
hells

Are full of those who by austerities  
Have slain desire! Yet be ye not as those  
That by indulgence seek to slay desire.  
These rivet fast their fetters. Not by deed,  
By thought, by life, can thy desire be slain.  
Desire is deathless. Then desire the Truth.  
Live Truth. Be Truth!

Suddhodana, the King  
My Father, willed that I should follow him  
In all things that are royal. I obeyed  
Royally, as befits. Yasodharā  
I took unto my wife. The sports of love,  
Of friendship, the long discourse of the  
wise,

Beautiful parks and gardens, elephants  
And palanquins and horses, wealth, power,  
pride,

Feasts, tourneys, honor, contests of the bow,  
Contests of leaping, swimming, running—  
these,

The best that mind and body nobly trained  
Can purpose or achieve, all these were  
mine.

Yet even as a child I wandered forth—  
Unknowing why, for somewhat drave that  
was

Older than I, stronger than I, my soul,  
My timeless Spirit—somewhat drave me  
forth

Within the forest. There, where the great  
trees

Stood thickest, solemn, closely-growing  
boles,

Lichened, o'er-draped with creepers—there  
I prayed

Unto that Spirit, formless, infinite,  
Impalpable, which yet was unto me  
My father and my brother and my all,  
God! *Aum!*

My father, seeking me with  
tears

For many hours, found me beneath that  
tree,

The *jambu*, where I communed. Then he  
knew

That never would he keep me. None the  
less

He persevered, and I obeyed as best  
I could; and so it went those many years,  
I seeking to obey, and he to rule,  
Both seeing well the end.

Disease, old age

And death! In the three worlds—of God,  
of gods

Of mortal men—what wilt thou find but  
these?

Birth, death—health, sickness—youth, old  
age—the wheel

Turns, the mad torrent rushes, the bright  
flash

Cleaves. By desire, by ignorance, by pride,  
The creatures in the three worlds gravitate  
Birthwards and deathwards, fearwards, sor-  
rowwards,

Unendingly. Thus it was shown to me,  
When, after many days, good Chandaka  
Took me forth to Lumbini. As we neared  
The city's eastern gate, an old man stood  
Before me, bent and wrinkled. "Who is  
this,"

I cried, "so shrunk of stature, reft of strength,  
His blood and flesh dried up, his body withered,  
His veins and sinews cordlike? Painfully  
He drags along, stumbling at every step,  
Propped with a staff. Is his condition strange,  
Or common? Is it peculiar to his tribe,  
Or governs it mankind in general?"  
"Prince," said my charioteer, "the man is old.  
Naught else afflicts him. All thy kith and kin  
Shall end thus. It is but the common fate,  
Old Age!" I bade the charioteer turn back.  
Lumbini's garden-pleasance called no more,  
Since I, too, held in me Old Age's seed.

Another day I went forth to the south,  
Unto my pleasure-garden. On my way  
I met a mud-stained, fever-smitten wight,  
Friendless, anhungered, gasping, shelterless,  
Trembling and spent. Then knew I that in me  
Disease dwelt, and I straightway got me home.

Another day I went forth to the west,  
And by the road a dead man on his bier  
Lay, covered over with a cloth. The band  
Of mourners tore their hair and beat the breast,  
Filling the air with lamentable cries.  
Ah, woe for youth that old age shall undo!  
Ah, woe to health that sickness ravageth!  
Ah, woe to life, death-doomed! If only man  
Knew not these evils. Would they were destroyed!  
Thus we returned.

Then by the northern gate  
At last I went forth. There a mendicant  
With lowered eyes, wearing with dignity  
The monk's robe, stood. His face was that  
of one  
Calm, chastened, self-controlled, freed from desires,  
Striving to conquer lust and enmity.  
"Who is this man?" cried I. "Lord, this is one  
Of those called Bhikkus." Then did I resolve

Myself unto this path of happiness,  
Lauded of sages, leading unto life  
Eternal, giving immortality  
To self and others.

My resolves they told  
Forthwith unto Suddhodana. The King  
Set guards at all the gates; but when the moon  
Was full and Pushya, my birth-star, was rising,  
Deep sleep fell on the guards. My father slept,  
My women slept, but I woke Chandaka,  
Bidding him saddle Kanthaka, my stallion,  
And forth we stole unseen. Six *yojanas*  
We rode ere daybreak. Then my horse I gave  
To Chandaka, with it my cap of pearls,  
And bade him go. With my bright sword I cut  
My long hair, casting it to the four winds,  
And changed my peach-hued robe of Kâsi silk  
For a poor hunter's yellow doe-skin, worn  
And thorn-scarred.

Nine and twenty years had I  
When I fled from my kingdom; I have now  
Eighty. Lo, I go swift, fleeing from you,  
As ever then I rode, on through the night  
Unto the dawn. And ever Pushya shines,  
And I fare onward, never to return!

Thus I came to Vaisali. There I sought  
Alâra, that wise Brahmin. Nevertheless  
His doctrine brought me not deliverance,  
Nor would its practice free mankind from woe.

Therefore to Râjagriha fared I forth,  
Where Bimbisâra greeted me, the King,  
But I sought speech of none but Udraka,  
Taking his dust and begging to be his pupil.

But Udraka knew not deliverance,  
And unto Uruvela went I then  
Sadly, and five companions came with me.  
There I abode six years. My penances,  
My self-inflicted pains, my vigils, fasts,  
Prayers, gazings at the sun, my nakedness,  
Unkemptness—these were nigh unthinkable.

The very gods shrank back in fear from me  
High heavens marvelled. Like unto the sound

Of a great bell hung in the canopy  
Of the broad skies, my fame assiduously  
Spread through that land. I was become a  
Saint,

A *Muni*. Ah, but hadst thou seen my heart!  
None saw it, none, not even I, until  
One eve I fainted. Motionless I lay  
All night, the demons raging in my soul,  
Demons of lust, of pride, of enmity,  
Of ignorance and greed, of worldliness,  
Of cowardice, Methought in all the earth,  
Or in the hells or the abysses, could  
Exist no lake of evil huge enough  
To brim that stream which flooded hour  
by hour,  
Unquenched in horror, through the heart of  
me,  
Siddhârtha Muni!

At earliest dawn came she,  
The virgin daughter of Uruvela's Chief,  
Sujâta, slender, fine-limbed as a roe,  
With eyes like forest pools, when the  
spring rains  
Have budded all the *nim*-trees. In her hand  
Were wheaten cakes and curds of milk.  
She knelt,  
And with her veil's edge, dipping it in the  
brook,  
She laved my thirst-cracked lips, and bathed  
mine eyes,  
Sealed with the drought. Thus I took food  
from her,  
Breaking my rule; and my disciples fled.

Alone I climbed up unto Wis-  
dom's Seat,  
The Bodhimanda. On my right hand I met  
One cutting *kusi* grass, for making mats,  
Soft, pliable and sweetly odorous.  
With this I strewed the ground, setting the  
blades  
Within, the roots without, at the tree's foot,  
Seating myself cross-legged, turned towards  
the east,  
Upright, one palm laid upward. Through  
the day  
And through the night, and so for seven  
nights,  
The battle raged. But when the eighth  
dawn came,  
I smote the ground. "May earth," I cried,  
"bear witness  
That I have overcome! The stream is  
crossed,  
The hosts of evil vanquished once for all.

Let that which I have done bear its due  
fruit  
In the salvation of all mankind,  
For I am Buddha, the Enlightened One—  
Let earth bear witness that I do not lie!"  
Thus I cried out, and taking from a tomb  
The mould-stained shroud of a new-buried  
slave,  
I washed it in a pool, and fashioned it,  
And sewed it, making it my yellow robe,  
Such as ye see.

Thus did Siddhârtha find  
The path—the path of grandeur; the sure  
path;  
The path of sacrifice; the blessed path  
Of virtue; the spotless path; the path de-  
void  
Of envy, ignorance and passion;  
The path which brings to freedom, and  
which makes  
Naught of the powers of evil; the path that  
leaps  
Over the realms of death and birth and  
rebirth;  
That outstrips Sâkra, Brahmâ, Mahesvara;  
That leads to wealth of universal know-  
ledge;  
The path of judgment and experience;  
The path that softens woe, old age and  
death;  
The path serene and calm, exempt from ill,  
That draws unto the City of All Bliss!  
Thus Gautama found the path.

When thou hast come,  
As I, unto the universe-strewn strand  
Of timeless Being; when before thee lies  
That plain of Ocean, which is Isvara,  
The Self-subsistent, heaving, as the breast  
Of slumbering mother heavens, whom her  
sweet babe  
Hath wearied somewhat, yet her mother-joy  
Persists, and her blithe heart beats rhyth-  
mically—  
When eyes, that earth hath dimmed, behold  
once more  
With their true vision; ears, that earth hath  
dulled,  
Catch that which thrums in silence; when  
the tongue,  
So long unused, speaks words ineffable;  
And fruits that are the flames of Paradise  
Burn like the snow-cooled seeds of pome-  
granate,  
Caught in a crystal cup; when Wisdom is

Thy heritage, and purity thine own,  
 And love, like the broad rivers of our land,  
 Runs, fruitfully pervading all thy frame;  
 And infinite pity on thy heart-chords plays;  
 And beauty wells like water from a spring;  
 Making thy very dust to sing its hymn  
 Of praise to the Creator—then art thou  
 Most straightly bound, most fiercely  
     buffeted,  
 Most caught among the thorns!

So Bhagavat  
 Was tempted! "Lo, the Law which  
     emanates  
 From me, how subtle, luminous, profound,  
 And difficult of comprehension!  
 Analysis it baffles, reason mocks,  
 And worldly wisdom terrifies. The wise  
 Alone may grasp it. Having abandoned all  
 That men term individuality,  
 Having left all ideas, having slain  
 Existence with uninterrupted calm;  
 It is itself invisible, being  
 Matterless, insubstantial; having destroyed  
 Desire and passion, it, the Law, doth lead  
 Unto Nirvâna—Bliss! If Bhagavat  
 Teacheth this Law, 'twill not be understood.  
 They will insult me! Let me not give way  
 To low compassion!"

Thus the Tempter came  
 Thrice—yea, and twice nigh tripped me.  
     Hard is it  
 To deal with Mâra, if Tathâgata  
 Himself can thus be sore tried! Then,  
     beware!  
 Even upon the threshold may thy robe  
 Be twitched, and thyself stumble! Yet the  
     third  
 Time fell it otherwise, for I at length  
 Bethought me, "Yea, indeed the Law is  
     hard,  
 Not less to teach than learn! Yet beings  
     are  
 Of three kinds, be they high or low, or  
     good  
 Or bad, or neither. Either they do dwell  
 In error, and in error shall remain;  
 Or they possess the truth; or else abide  
 In a mid-state 'twixt truth and falsity.  
 Thus in a pond may one see lotus-blooms  
 Not sprung yet from the waters to the light,  
 Others that on the surface float, and some  
 Erect in rosy sweetness. Whether I teach  
 Or do not teach the Law, those who possess

Its Truth will still be wise; those who are  
     found  
 In error, shall be witless; those that live  
 Betwixt—these can learn Wisdom, if one  
     teach  
 The Law of Wisdom. Therefore I shall  
     teach,  
 Because compassion entereth in my heart  
 For multitudes, lost in uncertainty,  
 To whom the gates of Everlastingness  
 Shall open, if I teach them!"

So I spake,  
 And Mâra fled, even Pâpiyan, the king  
 Of lust and sin and death; and I was left  
 Alone at last. Departing from that place,  
 I came to Gâyâ. There I broke my fast.  
 Rohita-Vastu, Uruvela-Kalpa,  
 Anâla, Sârathi—by these I passed,  
 Receiving always hospitality,  
 But Gangâ, when I reached her, rolled in  
     flood,  
 Nor would the boatmen ferry me, unpaid.  
 Nevertheless at length I made my way  
 Unto Benares; there for the first time,  
 In the Deer-park, beneath those mango-  
     trees,  
 I turned the Wheel of the Law. The rest  
     ye know!

Why do ye weep? Weep not!  
     The four Great Truths  
 Ye have! What are they? First, that suf-  
     fering  
 Pertains to all existence! All that lives,  
 Must suffer. Next, the cause of suffering—  
 The passions. Next, the end of suffering—  
 Deliverance, Release! Lastly, the Way,  
 The Eightfold Path, that bringeth unto  
     Peace.  
 Let me alone! Why cling ye to my robe?  
 Why weep ye? Ah, beloved, could ye see  
 The sorrow in my heart! I am a man  
 Like unto thee. I hunger and I thirst.  
 I need sleep. I grow weary. Cold and heat  
 Torment me. I am subject to old age,  
 Disease and death; and lo, this day I die!  
 Why weep ye? Am I not already dead?  
 Are ye not dead? Why mourn ye? Ah, in  
     tears  
 Is no release; in life, in joy, in deeds,  
 In not-deeds—nowhere, nowhere is release!  
 Death breeds not life! But I, I bring to you  
 Freedom! With these two hands held out  
     to you  
 I pour out at your feet what gods and men,

What Sâkra, Brahma, and Mahesvara,  
 The guardians of the world, the lesser gods,  
 Kumbhandas, Nagas, Yakshas, Danavas,  
 The hells and the abysses, all do seek,  
 Have sought, and shall seek, through  
     eternities,  
 But never find, save that Tathâgata,  
 Myself or other, Keeper of the Law,  
 In mercy teach them.

    Ages ere this birth,  
 This one whom ye know as Gautama  
 Sate with the gods in the Tusita heaven,  
 Where Sâkra rules. And Sâkra spake to  
     them  
 And said, "Behold, in such and such an age,  
 The earth and all within it, yea, the hells,  
 The heavens and the abysses, they shall  
     thirst  
 And fail and perish, since the Holy Law  
 No longer shall be taught. Yea, even I,  
 Sâkra, shall lack, because the very gods,  
 And I, the king of the gods, draw as it were  
 Our Life's blood from the Law. Will none  
     go forth

To teach?" And I, who now am Gautama,  
 Devoid of merit, witless, ignorant,  
 Cried, "Lord! Lo, I will go!" Wherefore,  
     through lives

Uncountable and woes uncountable,  
 I trod the Buddha-road, lest the sweet Law,  
 The precious Law, the jewel Law, the Law  
 Of life and peace shall fail. Wherefore  
 This day I speak to you and preach and  
     certify

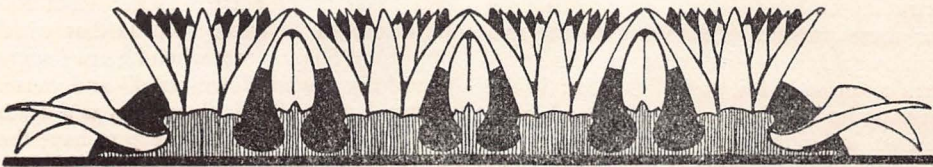
That It, the Law, is good!

    O, go with me  
 This road! O tread this noble Path with  
     me!

Let me become thy guide! Each step I  
     know,

My footprints mark it! Ye, ye shall not err,  
 Following me; for this is my reward,  
 Mine only prize, yet recompense in full,  
 That I shall stand, as I do stand, and see  
 You one by one, my brothers, cross the  
     Stream,

As now I pass o'er Gangâ. Follow me!  
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# Egoic Motives

By ERNEST WOOD



HE personality of a man is a creature very largely of the world's begetting. It consists in the main of habits set up from the outside through the effect of environment. The child sees itself in the mirror of life, discovers what it can do and cannot do, hears what elders say about it, develops ways of acting and feeling, and accumulates certain ideas which form a kind of mental clothing. The aggregate of these generally ripens into a definite personality in about twenty-five years, and this endures, with modifications, throughout life.

Behind or within this personality is the man himself, who is positive to his environment, who uses things for the purposes of life and ideas for purposes of thought. He is interested in the expansion of his own being, which is a bundle of conscious powers, of will, love, and thought. The spiritual appetites of this real man are to be seen in all true human life, which is the pursuit of beauty, goodness, truth, harmony, understanding, unity, and freedom. These appetites lead to activities which energize and develop the man, the ego.

The personality is intended as an instrument in the hands of the ego, to be used for these pursuits. Belonging to the material world, it has its needs, and its appetites to provide for these. Comfort is the sign of its satisfaction. But beyond comfort we find in the body desire for pleasures altogether beyond what is necessary to satisfy the natural appetites and supply the needs of the personal life. This desire is the delusion of personal life. It is due to the real man's making the mistake of thinking and feeling himself to be the personality, and so seeking his own expansion in its activities. Hence arise "lust, wrath, and greed," the triple gate of hell as the *Gita* calls them. Hence comes the proliferation of personality into innumerable excesses, which injure both personal and social life. The personality is not an active devil who can do this

of his own power, but he is seductive, and the young ego easily mistakes the pleasures that he offers for the true happiness which is his own birthright.

As the ego grows stronger, however, character appears, and this manifests in the pursuit of beauty, goodness, truth, harmony, understanding, unity, and freedom. In its incipient stage this character appears in special circumstances, as when our timid neighbor plunges into his burning house to rescue the family cat. But when the ego is stronger he will not need a burning house to call out his virtue; it will come forth as part of his very nature and being, pleasures will be forgotten, comfort and even safety ignored, in the pursuit of his goal.

Our terrestrial world is composed of material objects, and lives peeping through them—no form without life. The ego, looking at this world, sees the life aspect; the personality sees the matter aspect. Therefore the vision of the ego is different from that of the personality. The latter sees the building and destruction of forms (or sometimes, where he cannot see the builder or destroyer, what he calls their growth and decay.) The former knows or feels the life behind or within the form. He sees the real "that never ceaseth to be;" therefore he cannot feel sorrow such as that which oppressed Shakespeare when he saw "sometime lofty towers down-razed" and caused him to lament: "This thought is as a death, which cannot choose but weep to have that which it fears to lose." (Sonnet XLIV)

The ego knows that beauty is stronger than the flower, even stronger than rocks and gates of steel, for he sees that beauty is the creative power resident in the life, and that the life is ever at work converting volcanic area or dung-hill into a flowering paradise of beauty. The ego knows though death is inevitable for the born, that also birth is inevitable for the dead, and that the evolutionary beauty and wisdom of the new day will express a life bigger than before.

With such visions the ego cannot have personal motives. In so far, then, and at such times as we are ourselves, as we do not forget ourselves we shall have *egoic motives*—for as men “forget themselves” in anger, so they forget themselves constantly in a thousand prides and fears and hopes and pleasures and sorrows. At such times we are the ego—there are not two beings. At other times we are still the ego, but the ego making a mistake (or a thousand mistakes) which is “self-personality.”

During physical life there should be at least some periods when the ego is unclouded and his vision and motives appear. Each experience means something to him, something he comes here to learn. In lucid moments, then, we find ourselves regarding experiences in the pure light of spiritual reason, without fear, resentment, or pride. We have risen above success or failure, as the personality would judge them, because we know that there is only one form of success and that is always ours (even in the midst of apparent disaster or of seeming triumph) if we have been true to ourselves, that is, if we have used our faculties—which are of will, love and thought.

The ego does not count his life period in terms of mortal years, but in personality cycles. Each of these is like a game of chess in which there is really no question of winning or losing, for every game well played results in gain of capacity to the player.

The other day I played a game against the late world-champion, José Capablanca. I lost; but I would like to have all my life composed of such losses, for I learned much, from both the game and the man, whose superb poise and calm won my grateful admiration.

Let me be forever a failure, I beg, for I am suspicious of your material success. It is mostly pretentious. Indeed, I notice that the figures published by the American Bankers' Association show that of ten men who are wealthy at the age of thirty-five, seven die, or lose their wealth before forty-five; while of eighty-five who are not wealthy only nine die in the same period.

Those lucid times when we are ourselves, when we do not “forget ourselves,” are all too rare. They are mostly reserved for the “heaven-life,” when the stormy period of human infancy (the bodily state of devel-

opment) is over. The personality is like a world-traveller who has shopped excitedly in every port. The ego will now go through the trunks and boxes and see what is worth keeping and what should be thrown away. He will add some harmonious treasures to his home, some stars to his sky, and some new words to his divine vocabulary. He will have more will, love, and thought than before.

The ego is six-fold—triple in knowledge and triple in power. He knows the world of objects, the river of lives, and the blazing sun of the Self which is always at high noon. These three kinds of knowing have been called in Sanskrit, and in reverse order, *Atma*, *Buddhi*, and *Manas*. Directing his actions, they are respectively the powers of will, love, and thought, which work—when they can—through the *Antakarana*, a section of the ego specially vitalized by the monad for a personality-period. This connection has been called the “highway of sensations;” it is also the channel of the ego's powers.

To be ourselves is to have ego-motives and ego-powers. It is to have long visions. Long vision is that of an open mind which is bent upon a distant goal—the attainment of beauty, goodness, truth, harmony, understanding and unity of freedom. It is to regard impediments only as whetting-stones; the work may be obstructed but we then sharpen the tools. It is to care for the immortal with immortal enthusiasm.

People fifty or forty or even thirty years old often say, “Alas, it is now no use my studying poetry, or science, or practising music, or meditation; life is so short that I cannot achieve anything like success before I die!” So they forego the immortal, and choose a living death. They remind me of a doctor who, on being asked by a patient what were his prospects of life replied: “Oh, fair, fair! But I should not advise you to start reading any serial stories.” To the ego, personality-periods are interesting only as chapters in a serial story, in which the curtain of death descends leaving the hero in parlous plight, but sure, we know, to exhibit some new and miraculous resources, or to be favored by a sudden turn of fortune's wheel at the beginning of the next chapter. This long vision takes no account of age or youth,

of death or birth, of riches or poverty; it makes some use of all things—of gold and clay, of enemies and friends—in its story writing or its architecture. It is akin to the mood of a Chinese freshman who, when asked where he had come from, replied "Chekiang, originally, but more recently, Changsha." "How long have you been in Changsha?" then asked the visitor. "Oh, about fifteen hundred years," was the calm reply. Chekiang was of course, the ancestral home of his family, Changsha their later abode.

Broad vision is that which sees the life in others, and does not mistake them for part of the furnishings of our own. It is that which oversteps the skin-line of personal interests and lives with and for a larger manifestation of life. Emerson said that he did not know whether there is in the upper atmosphere, as alleged by geologists, a permanent westerly current into which all atoms which rise to that height are drawn, but he did see that when men rise to a certain level of culture and refinement they obey a law above selfishness, and that that is the wind which blows the elements of human society into order and orbit. This is *ego-motive* drawn from broad vision.

The ego-man obeys no outside rules, but only the living laws of the higher Self, which are to will, to love, to think. To will is to act. He is never idle, selfish, or thoughtless. He obeys rules only when he decides that under the circumstances it is better to do so. He knows that thirty volumes of Halsbury's *Laws of England* cannot provide for all the contingencies

in the life of one Englishman, but that the three simple laws of the higher self provide for all events and all men. He sees that the world conspires to provoke the ego to be himself, by punishing idleness with boredom and sickness, selfishness with disappointment, and thoughtlessness with disasters by the way.

The ego-man shows the creative and the heroic powers of life. He may literally die to live, though he cannot live to eat. Ideas for him are materials of thought, not mental possessions, and material possessions are all tools, or instruments for the production of real wealth.

Egoic motives are all of love—kindness, sympathy, affection, friendliness, good-will, admiration, reverence. Egoic motives contain no pride or fear, yet these personal emotions often animate lives full of good service. That is why it is dangerous to preach service, and perhaps it is better on the whole to awaken love, until it naturally overflows in service. The personality cannot understand love. It loves nobody. People protest, when told to love their enemies: "But how can I love these people whom I do not like?" The answer is: "If you cannot love them, you cannot love anybody, and you are liking only the people who are comfortable to you." People say they "love pie." Their loving of others has the same spirit—they like, only.

There is no trick of meditation by which we can lure the ego from his skies. To live egoically is the only secret, and that is not something mysterious and new, but simply the old formula to will, to love, and to think.

## Knowledge

Through knowledge we behold the world's creation,  
How in his cradle first he fostered was;  
And judge of nature's coming operation,  
How things she formed of a formless mass;  
By knowledge we do learn ourselves to know;  
And what to man and what to God we owe.—*Spencer.*

# The Psychology of Women

By MARY WEEKS BURNETT, M. D.



UNTIL within the last few years it has not been recognized in the western world that woman has a psychology peculiar to herself, not yet understood by herself, not yet mentioned in western psychological literature. Woman in the west is not only a great mystery to herself, but is a profound psychological problem to the man of the west.

But we find in some of the ancient teachings of India, the Mother Land of our Fifth Race, where the early records of races are kept, that there exists a fully outlined description of the two psychologies, the male type and the female type. We take that of the woman first, although the male type is equally important. Both are needed for understanding.

Very briefly: The Ancient Wisdom reveals to us that the woman psychology is divine in its origin, divine in its inmost nature. The ancient books say that in the beginning of humanization on this planet the Great Lord of Life divided His divine nature-body into two halves in order to furnish living types of bodies for his incoming Egos. An Ego is a divine, permanent, individual life. It is the "I am I," the soul, the individuality. It is the unselfish, altruistic, higher spiritual side of ourselves. Its home is in the highest heaven world. With the aid of the devas, the ego put a part of itself—a ray—down into the denser earthy matter, there building for itself out of the physical, emotional and lower mental matter, a personality body in and through which it meets and in time conquers all selfish, animal propensities.

The Ancient Wisdom teaches the doctrine of reincarnation—that egos are reborn on earth, life after life, ever progressing, taking up into the heaven world at the end of each earth life all its good deeds, good thoughts, good motives to meditate upon and to work up into powers and faculties ready for use in the next earth life. Egos shall reincarnate alternately in the

male and female personality bodies until the experience and knowledge gained through each type becomes a part of the permanent consciousness of the ego. The ego is sexless, but it must use these sex bodies until it has conquered matter.

According to the law for this cycle in evolution, the divine male type body is to be used with free initiative by the ego, in unfolding and training the *mind faculties* through the many stages of "more light" until it is identified through them with the realities of the spiritual life. The divine woman type body is, through *introspection*—pondering within herself—to be used by the ego for the unfolding and training of the heart—the soul powers. It is through these powers that the Will of God is brought into action in this world of ours.

The training of woman's psychological, or soul powers, has all down the ages been done through her never-ending self-sacrifice, and despite continually imposed repressions. Through this training, however, she has developed—is developing—an extraordinary power, new to this day and generation, which may be called *World-Consciousness*. During her many incarnations her families of children have settled all over the world, and her consciousness has expanded on natural mother love lines. This power of World Consciousness is not connected with world finance schemes. It includes the world and all its peoples in sympathetic, brotherly, uplifting thought which has already begun to materialize.

The mystery of woman lies in her psychology—in her soul *Powers*. No microscope can aid the investigator in finding the seat of these higher Powers, for they are potential in the Ego—the soul consciousness. We are treating now of the powers which are innate in the woman type soul. One of these great powers which she is rapidly unfolding is that of *Intuition*. It is a synthetic wisdom power which sees the truth instantly without argu-

ment or discussion. The higher, the true Egoic soul, will more and more send down through the lower mind of the personality, its message with unerring swiftness and truth.

Woman has unfolded and developed the power of creative-image-building; in the past as well as in the present she has made this power useful to the world in the tender, cultural care of her children and her children's children, in purifying and beautifying her environments, and she, through the use of this power has been the chief factor in maintaining the refinement of the home and the cultural side of world civilization.

Again, the psychology of woman, her power of discrimination, her versatility finds expression through her *creative, selective power*, and she is destined by the divine laws of the woman-type body, to bring these great powers out into active service for the upliftment of all humanity.

Among woman's many powers in process of training, we will name one other, the *Power of Motherhood*, Motherhood in all its variations, the most sacred power in the world. There are many in woman-type bodies now, whose children are grown, or women who are single and free, who are feeling the world's call to come forth and help with their woman-type powers to mother, to spread the gospel of happiness, the sanctity of motherhood, coöperation, brotherhood.

Varying proportions of woman-type in each cycle are set apart for a portion of their lives by the Lords of Karma, for physical motherhood, for repopling the world; and their mission in this respect in the New Era has already begun. Super-egos, advanced souls, are being born. Many, many more are waiting for mothers, who, under the New Era laws for repopling, will give them suitable bodies to do the work they bring with them.

In order to bring these more advanced Egos to earth woman must use the divine, selective creative power in her psychology, in her own soul, and she can, herself, if she follows the laws, the divine New Era rules, aid in choosing the type of Ego she wants to mother. When woman's bodies, emotions, thoughts, are fine, strong, pure, Egos of like nature, fine strong

pure, will be magnetically attracted to her. By this means, mothers will even unconsciously select fine Egos. They should learn to do it consciously by making themselves great magnetic centers for advanced Egos. This is not a dream. We have a number of proofs of these statements, but space forbids their elaboration.

We are told that many millions of egos are now awaiting return to earth. They are of all classes, from very advanced souls, sages, statesmen, great musicians, artists, inventors, merchants, down, down to the very dregs of humanity, the youngest, most ignorant souls.

No woman would willingly give birth to a subnormal child, but many are now doing it by permitting themselves to conceive unwelcome children. Haphazard, unwelcome children are the main source of defectives, morons and criminals. Woman can nearly empty our jails and penitentiaries within this generation by refusing to become a mother until she herself is free and understands how to choose her own periods of motherhood. That freedom is her divine right. There are many thousands of egos, such as the high-purposed refined soul of our Colonel Lindbergh, waiting for mothers who can give them suitable bodies adapted to the work they will come to do. Every prospective mother should know that unless a child is prepared for before conception, there is no certainty as to what its future may be.

The psychology of the married woman is becoming exceedingly restless. This is a danger point in evolution. This restlessness disturbs, attacks the very depths of her love nature, and is caused by the fact that she is not sex free in understanding. She is bound to man in marriage by hard and fixed sex laws, as our statute books show. The *woman-type* is rebelling against man's "free initiative" while he keeps her bound; she too wills to be free.

New Era children will be born under New Era laws, and New Era mothers will determine their own periods of motherhood. Woman now is beginning to realize that her physical body is part of her own divine outfit for her own work in life, and that she is rightful owner of it, in marriage and out of it.

We have here, in the psychology of wo-

man all over the world, a marvelous array of woman's awakening powers, powers which, divine in their essence, are working and waiting the time when the great call comes forth. No human effort can stop their outrush when the New Era clock strikes, for woman's mission is to the whole world and must be fulfilled. Her divine powers must be freed from man's mistaken control, and man himself must have the illusion of ownership of the woman-type swept out of his mind. These two types are equally divine in their essence, divine in their goal; and the divine Lord of the world will carry out His own great plan for both types.

Let us once more enumerate the soul powers which woman will bring to help establish the new civilization:

She brings her divine power of *World-Consciousness*, a power of sympathetic un-

derstanding of other's conditions and needs and an earnest purpose to help.

She brings the power of *Intuition*, unfolded to some degree, of instantly seeing more clearly than the lower, the reasoning mind can glimpse.

Woman brings the divine power of creative *image-building*, a power which refuses to tolerate any longer the slums and dens of poverty and filth, the greed of finance, and the exploitation of women, children and animals in therapeutics.

She brings the divine creative, selective power which, when applied to the re-people of the earth, will bring to the earth for its regeneration and uplifting, great, advanced, noble souls now waiting rebirth.

She brings the divine power of mother-love, the greatest humanizing power in the world.

## The New Art and the Star

By FREDERICK J. DE ST. V. SCHWANKOVSKY

Anyone who studies the development in the New Art which is usually referred to as modern, or ultra modern, must be struck with the peculiar qualities which make it, in many ways, the most difficult art to understand than any we have ever enjoyed.

It was bad enough for the public to try to understand impressionism; to see the well-defined details of realism melt away into gobs of paint, as it were, was a shock. The public made a great fuss about it; the real significance of it was not understood, I think. In effect it was the passing of materialism. Before our very eyes the painter's world seemed to melt away into mere light effects—and light is etheric vibration.

Perhaps it will seem significant if we recollect that about this same period science was beginning to doubt matter. Very soon rays that passed through solids and took photographs were talked about. Theories of the constitution of matter became more and more astonishing.

Color, which had been limited, took on new qualities in painting. Red and yellow, brown and a very little ultramarine-blue are the colors of the old masters and of most art up to the time of impressionism. But now came new pinks, violet shadows, and greens. The paintings took on a cooler and brighter aspect. It was as though after artificial gaslight we went out into the open daylight. As a rule one can tell a modern painting from an older one by the colors alone. The beautiful brown of the Faustian temperament passed from the picture, as it were, like a lifting of fog, and revealed a brighter, happier appearing world.

It is difficult if not impossible to place exactly the date when ultra modern art began, when cubism, verse libre, futurist prose, and dissonances in music emerged. The first world-wide exhibition of cubist art was in 1909 in Paris; and at about the same moment, significantly, there was a world-wide interest among mathematicians in the idea of a fourth dimension.

As nearly as possible I would place the beginning of ultra modern art on the birthday of Krishnaji. Apparently they came into the world together, Krishnamurti and ultra modern art. This may have no significance, and yet it may be utterly significant. Be that as it may, our Leader has all of the feeling of a modern artist in his prose and free verse, and he voices the sentiments of ultra modernists in his desire for a new language. Ultra modern art, music, and literature are new languages of aesthetics in the making.

Of the new paintings we often hear people cry, "but what is it?" And the artist often answers rather crossly, "discover for yourself." Even Krishnaji says he will not be definite. To be definite is to defeat one's own art. Of course *that which is to liberate must be antithetical to definition.*

For over twenty years I have been studying occultism, while art, music, and literature have been connected with my vocation. So when the new Star rose in the heavens I saw its reflection in painting, music, and poetry, while others, otherwise occupied, saw the same Star reflected in religion and in personalities.

It is important that all persons with the wider vision draw together (each in his individual consciousness) an impression of the new messages of Krishnaji, of the new art, the new music, and the new literature.

I am going to attempt to enlarge on this suggestion in this article.

The actual presence of a new star in the physical heavens may be determined by seeing it or by noticing its effect on other bodies. In this way the actual presence of a new spirit is quite compellingly obvious to one who studies modern art. It is interesting, too, to see this same new spirit affecting mathematics. For example, the new, playful attitude toward pure geometric form, nicknamed cubism, began actually at the same moment as did the new geometries involving more than three dimensions. It is quite obvious that some God, somewhere, turned a page, and that more advanced human beings suddenly began to read about and experience a new sort of space consciousness.

Now let us carry our simile of the new star further, and imagine how this new star would affect various temperaments. The

mathematician would want to figure out how large it was, how fast it was moving in relation to other bodies, and what was its orbit. The poet would not do this. He would sing its praises, and catch the rhythm of its vibrations and put it into words. The artist would see its color and the way earth's atmosphere created an aura about it. He would be delighted by its reflection in water, and the effect of its light on roofs, and trees, and fields. The musician would feel an inspiration from this twinkling beauty in the skies to write a rhapsody.

Exactly this thing happened beginning just about 1900, and gaining momentum as it progressed. Artist, musician, poet, mathematician—all began to work in a new way. We had cubism, futurism, verse libre, a new geometry, and so on.

I can even prognosticate with perfect surety that the message of Krishnaji will not be what we expect, and will not find us all prepared to appreciate it, just because I see how few of us there are who can appreciate the new spirit of art. Of course if the new could be foretold it would not be new. If the new music, the new painting, the new poetry did not take us by surprise and require a big effort of readjustment on our part, it would be because they were not really new at all, but just a slight variation on the old.

For the most part members of the new cults (if I may so designate them with all respect for the sake of literary brevity and convenience) have around them the old art of the former age, when they have any at all. The beautiful, sentimental, materialistic conceptions of Renaissance painters are as little in accord with the message of Krishnaji as the orthodoxies which produced them. But it is pathetic to me to think of the sincere souls who are trying so hard to understand Krishnaji while they laugh at the new spirit of art. It must be difficult for Krishnaji, too, to be surrounded by the sentimentality of nineteenth century consciousness with the New Message between his lips.

The essentially materialistic demand for details, for definition, for form, which many people brought up in the nineteenth century make so imperatively, outlaws ultra modern art from their appreciation. Comparatively this new art is liberation from

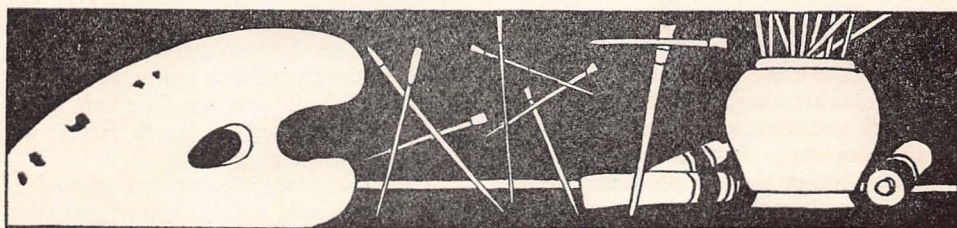
form. Rhythms in music have become more complex and change often, thus breaking through forms which used to be more arbitrary. The former two rhythms called the "one, two," and the "one, two, three" are now frequently combined to make a new five rhythm; and syncopations, accidentals, and subtle liberties enter into an already intricate music. Harmony and consonance are not expressive enough, and we have dissonance as one very evident symptom of the new age. The spirit of revolt, the demand for freedom, the impatience of arbitrary mandates are thus served. Ouspenski might say of these that they indicate the return to the law within, and the consequent impatience of herd law, or academic rule without.

To see the material form melt away to give place to mental forms and spiritual symbols in painting is alarming, and has something of the effect of viewing a physical world dissolution. To pass from the world of natural forms of men, women, leaves, animals, rocks, trees, flowers, shells, to a world of mental and emotional forms and colors which do not "represent" anything we have seen physically is a disturbing experience, and one which demands radical readjustment indeed. Not understanding what it is he fears and would shun, the average individual takes refuge in

an angry contempt of ultra modern art as a whole, and turns from it.

But once he realizes what is going on, it is delightful to witness this often totally unconscious development in the artist of a superphysical vision. It is amusing to see that often an artist himself will vehemently deny anything mystical in his make-up. We cannot always get the best information about what is going on from the painter or musician. Some are deliberately occultists, but many more are quite unconscious of their own new orientation.

It remains perhaps for Krishnaji—and very properly since he is the mouthpiece of the new dispensation—to make clearer to us what is really taking place. His message about liberation is evidently reflected in the freedom from old conventions, and academic ideas, and his invitation to be happy is expressed in new, bright, clean colors. Krishnaji is consciously inviting us to free ourselves from old forms, languages, and materials in which we are caught as in a net. Therefore it is perfectly clear to me that the ultra modern artist is a modest instrument in the present New Revelation, and that the musician, the writer, and the painter are often doing their part to help the new World-Teacher demonstrate his message. Hence let us study and appreciate the New Art.



# Are We Masters or Our Endocrines

By A. ZUBER, M. D.



OF all the newer phases of physiology, pathology, and the practice of medicine, none have become more popular than the study of the endocrines, or ductless glands. They are the bases of literally thousands of scientific experiments, the themes of innumerable papers and discussions among scientific men, the titles for many monographs and books, and the incentives for a number of novels. And lastly, but never the least, they have become the great wealth amassers for many diverse peoples, from the crudest charlatans to the most reputable physicians, those who are striving constantly for better, safer, and more scientific means of bringing health and happiness to vast armies of humans suffering with dis-function or actual lack of these important glands.

These much-discussed endocrines are important because of the minute, but constant flow of secretion, poured into the passing blood stream, to be carried here, there, everywhere in the body for the purpose of accomplishing certain definite work. Each has its own particular function, and most of the secretions have been isolated in the laboratory. Some have a certain definitely analyzed chemical formula. A few have been synthetically compounded. Others are still enigmas, both as to composition, and the exact role they play in the perfect functioning of the body.

There are many such glands, some single, others paired, some arising from one embryological structure, and others from another. Some are situated in the head, others in the pelvis; several are large, others, small as a lemon seed; some accelerate, others depress. But in health, all share certain, common vital characteristics, namely: an inordinately large blood supply; constant activity; abundant ability to oversecrete when the welfare of the body demands; or to cease secreting, entirely; and a perfect balance of function one with the other.

The interaction of these glands is so complicated that it is extremely difficult to study any one separately. Each gland

seems to have its activator and antagonist; therefore all glands secreting normally imply the most delicate adjustment of the organism. Perfect adjustment means perfect equilibrium which, provided all else is normal, means perfect health.

For over a decade, gland substance has been administered to individuals for many known ailments. For a considerable time, glands have been transplanted from human to human, and even from animal to human. Synthetic preparations have been administered. All manner of stimulation to greater functioning of the glands has been resorted to, such as massage, physiotherapy, medication, increased blood supply, X-Ray, quartz light, ultra-violet ray, and what not.

Much of this has been done for rejuvenation. One reads of some successes and of many failures everywhere, and from every conceivable method of treatment. The most popular is the gland transplantation method (particularly that of the sex glands), which to students interested in spiritual and evolutionary progress is the most revolting. Sacrificing the life of an animal to grow a few hairs on a bald head, to eradicate a wrinkle, to add a bit of sparkle to a faded eye, or to increase virility seems absurd from an economic standpoint, if from no other. But the far more serious fact is, that one introduces into his body from the animal, a substance whose rate of vibration is very low compared with that of the human. This practice is surely not conducive to health, refinement of the various senses, or spiritual progress, for the human kingdom is far higher than the animal, much farther advanced than the animal.

The discouraging aspect to physicians (fortunately so) of all this rejuvenation surgery is the fact that transplantation has accomplished so pitifully little of what was anticipated. After a little time, the psychic effect of the operation disappears, and the deluded victims fall back to their former state of faded eye, wrinkled skin, senility. And further, no account is taken of the fact that not only the sex glands are exhausted,

but all others are likewise in a state of atrophy, in spite of the operation, and are therefore unable to function normally, either coöperatively, or singly.

If we cannot master our glands by light, diet, and other wholesome, natural methods to the extent of their keeping pace with our years, then why turn to the monkey, the sheep, or the horse to do it for us? To do so is certainly slipping backward in evolution.

In the following paragraphs, a very brief description of only the more important endocrines will be attempted. They are given in the hope that students may become interested sufficiently to study the subject, and understand more fully the power of the endocrines over the personality.

#### THE LIVER, ADRENALS, PANCREAS

The liver, known as the "General" of the glands, is the great fuel furnace of the body, for which body-sugar or glycogen is the fuel. But this fuel cannot be stored except by means of the accelerator, insulin, a product of the pancreas. Nor can it be released into the blood stream for useful work except through adrenalin, a product of the paired adrenals.

In times of warfare, danger, flight, emotional excitement such as fear, anger, worry, stress of pain, or great exertion, greater quantities of adrenalin must be secreted. This in turn, demands that the liver release more work-units or glycogen to meet this condition of constant drain or emergency, while the pancreas must send on more insulin to make greater sugar storage possible.

Thus the pancreas and adrenals antagonize each other. The repeated call upon the liver by the adrenals (especially in moments of excitement) may gradually overtax the ability of the pancreas to the extent that it is eventually penalized and the usual normal sugar storage becomes the dread disease, diabetes.

Scientific investigation has proven, beyond doubt, that it is never a prodigious amount of work, day in, day out, which overtaxes the glands to the extent of abuse, but it is the emotional and mental state of the worker which plays havoc with his endocrines. "Appropriate thinking saves many ills, but so few people know how to think."

If, then, we control our thoughts and emotions, may we not conserve the adrenals, the liver, the pancreas, to the extent that they remain in normal equilibrium? Remember what happens to these faithful organs when we are in constant dread of some imagined impending disaster, some secret fear, persistent worry, or great excitement over some frivolous or unreal thing.

Poise, courage, chivalry, uprightness, calmness, service, stimulate these glands to function normally. They are all worthy virtues; and a good, strong physical body in good health is a firm foundation for the expression of these virtues.

#### THE THYROID

The thyroid is the gland of energy production. It secretes, among other compounds, thyroxin which directs the combustion and construction of cells in the body through their use of food and energy units, extracted by them from the circulating blood stream. One lives fast or slow, is imbued with much energy or little, moves quickly or leisurely, thinks rapidly or the reverse, depending upon his supply of this secretion.

If a lack of thyroxin occurs in childhood, the deficiency result is known as cretinism, and represents a malformed bony structure, dry, thick, rough skin, thin hair, flat nose, thick, broad, stubby-fingered hands, protruding abdomen, low temperature, and a mentality ranging from sluggishness to imbecility.

The feeding of thyroxin has changed the picture presented by such children to a most remarkable degree. But this is not the correct way, for the medication is usually that of desiccated sheep thyroid. There must be some other, some reputable means of helping these cretins, for they are unable to help themselves. Better and more consistent ways will be found as science advances. Possessors of such deficiencies will slowly decrease as man understands more thoroughly how to live correctly. Time will come when such pitiful bodies clothing these evolving souls will appear among us no more. The great teacher, "experience," will have done her bit and passed on to greater work.

In adult life the deficiency problem of thyroxin is different, for may not one control the energy which he should expend on

a given task or piece of work? Or may not one select the particular business on which one will definitely expend energy, and then do that particular thing with precision and definiteness, but without worry, haste, or wasteful extravagance?

Controlled pure affection is the greatest stabilizer of thyroid secretion. This being the case, why may not each of us have perfectly adjusted thyroids, when we see about us an entire world needing and pleading for affection? Does not the World-Teacher tell us that affection is a vital qualification on the path to Happiness and Liberation.

#### THE PITUITARY

Little good would it do the body to produce energy through the adrenals, were there not some method of directing the use of this released supply. Such is the business of the pituitary, the tiny lemon-seed gland so closely guarded by bony structures within the skull.

Over-secretion on the part of this gland during early childhood produces an individual with markedly long bones, giving the appearance of great height and angularity. Deficiency of pituitrin means dwarfism, dullness of intellect, and undeveloped sex organs. This gland functions normally when reinforced by the sex glands and is sometimes known as the "third ovary." But this reinforcement must come by means of sublimation of the sex life through self-control and a definite striving toward spirituality. A stormy emotional life plays havoc with the pituitary body as well as with the sex glands. The pituitary body urges subnormal adrenals to function normally, and in time of great stress, counterbalances them. Suppose, for example, a person were extremely fearful, a slight over-secretion of pituitrin would prevent his becoming actually panicky.

The normal functioning of the pituitary gland demands self-control, good judgment, constructive intellectual work, healthy imagination, sympathy, courage. When highly developed, it confers the power of clairvoyance and gives one the faculty of intuition, for it is here that the bridge between the physical and intuitional faculties is made. It must be remembered in this connection that over-stimulation without the proper balance of other factors, leads to delusions and delusional insanity. Courage to dare,

to do, to plan, and to execute, and a firm hold on the emotions are the great stabilizers of the pituitary. Let us apply this knowledge.

#### THE PARATHYROIDS

These two little grape-seed sized glands, one on each side of the winged thyroid, control the amount of lime necessary for bone building and repair, alkaline equilibrium, etc. They are responsible for the steadiness of our nerves and muscles; and when they function properly we are in a state of comfortable well-being—so says the physician.

But were we always watchful of our calcium intake in food, and strict supervisors of our thoughts and emotions, might we not be very helpful to these small, but quite important, endocrines? Just ordinary care in these matters would conserve parathyroid secretion and therefore parathyroid tissue. The more discretion we exercise in all things, the more finely attuned become our bodies, until ultimately they are the perfect servers of well-ordered and efficient minds. Then will the personality of man be perfected and shine forth in all its opalescent beauty.

#### THE THYMUS

This gland is situated in the front of the neck, astride the trachea, and stretches, during infancy, far into the thorax. A gradual decrease in function causes its final disappearance at about the seventh year. Its prominence at birth is due to its activity as a builder of the skeleton, and as a deterrent of sexual maturity. As the gland atrophies, sex life progresses. Should the gland remain active beyond the period of early childhood, the individual, while possibly full grown, physically, would be childish in figure, voice, sex organs, general behavior, and stability. This condition gradually ushers in a state of shiftlessness, disinclination to accept responsibility or duties, and on some occasions, an easy acceptance of drug addiction, which, through lack of the stamina of adulthood, cannot be overcome.

Would it not be wise to capture a few responsibilities and conquer them, solve a few knotty life problems and insist upon accomplishing a few difficult tasks, for the assurance that one is properly developing

the qualities of adulthood as the thymus atrophies?

#### THE PINEAL

Following upon the atrophy of the thymus, the pineal gland takes up the matter of controlling too-rapid sexual maturity. This tiny, but very important cone-shaped gland is situated in the head, a little higher than the ear and towards the back. It is of the greatest embryological and histological interest because it is generally recognized as the remnant of the third eye, about which all manner of legend and truth have been woven. Even now it appears in the horned lizard, covered with a transparent scale, as if only yesterday this reptile had depended upon the iris and lens of this atrophied eye.

The pineal helps the brain to span the distance between the physical plane and the planes of subtler realms. Or, to state it differently, when this gland is fully active, one has complete continuity of consciousness on all planes. Among other things claimed for it by those possessing active pineals is its conference of psychic alertness and the power of conscious communion with lofty Beings. It is also the gateway between the physical body and bodies on other planes. Vibrations set going on these planes impinge on the aura of the pineal gland and set it vibrating. This pulsation is then transmitted through the gland to the physical brain, which interprets it for us in physical plane terms.

The development of the gland depends upon one's willingness to practice the purest spiritual living. It is said to remain atrophic so long as one does not aspire to the spiritual life. When abnormally developed through the practice of black magic or other injurious method it clouds the intellect and points the way to the asylum.

#### THE SEX GLANDS

These two sets of twin glands, ovaries, testes, and their adnexa play one of the few major roles in the body economy. It is commonly known that they produce the germ cells for physical bodies; but this special characteristic of these particular glands does not concern us here. We wish to know something of the secretions being constantly elaborated by them and caught up by the ever circulating blood stream.

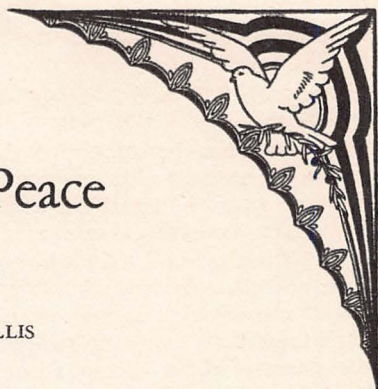
These glands are the props or supports for all other glands, thereby giving them, and likewise the entire body, tone and strength. When rightly conserved they mellow advancing age, retain as far as possible the vigor and elasticity of body and mind so prized by all mankind, and assist in preserving the normal functions of all organs. Their abuse hastens sterility and senility, the disintegration of old age, and increases paralysis of various organs and functions.

Wise were ancient peoples in their teachings of pure and affectional relations for retaining youth and longevity. Spiritual teachers of all times taught guarded continence, perfect love, and wholesome sex life. We, today, are reiterating their sacred lore, not by countenancing full expression, or by insisting upon repression and stifling the affectional nature, but by the finer method of sublimation and spiritualizing the emotions until the power to wound has ceased, and love for all mankind is the acme of expression. Then is rejuvenation of a natural and lasting kind inaugurated, and regeneration of all actions, emotions, and thoughts becomes a proven fact. Man "grows old gracefully," and there remains the constant joy of having lived both wisely and well.

Emerson says, "We ask for long life, but 'tis deep life, or grand moments that signify. Let the measure of time be spiritual, not mechanical."

## Goals

Perfection is the fulfilment of life, and that is the goal for the mind. The goal for the emotions is an intense, but detached, love and affection. The goal for the body is that it must be healthy, spiritual, beautiful, and vital for the expression of life.—*Krishnaji*.



# Armies of Peace

(A Suggestion)

By F. MILTON WILLIS

Why should not the majority of the men now enlisted for military purposes, as well as others volunteering, be converted into a great, beneficent force to be used upon public works of a utilitarian and an esthetic nature—a civilian army, for the production of values?

I have in mind ultimately a large, harmonious body of men in each country, under reasonable discipline, with some military training, and with fair pay, such freedom as would not be materially abused, healthful maintenance, compulsory instruction in subjects suitable to their mentality and requirements (such instruction continuing year after year), and the privilege of marrying and rearing a family, with aid from the State to the children up to, say, the age of eighteen or even twenty-one, or until self-support had been begun, after a proper education.

I contemplate the making of a provision, by enlistment for three-year or other limited periods, for their leaving the national service and joining the ranks of competition outside, should they so desire at the end of any such period.

Contented and progressive armies these—devoted to construction instead of destruction—balancing the account, on the Universal Records, of the devastating hosts of the past!

Much indeed is there for them to do, especially in America, and well can they do it—much that only national initiative and support can accomplish. I refer to such tasks as the following:

Dredging and restraining rivers, to prevent floods and promote the use of inland waterways for transportation, it being borne in mind that the average freight-haul per twenty-four hours by rail is only twenty-

five miles, whereas by water it is over three hundred miles. Dredging by means of suction will enable the creating of considerable cultivable areas of highly fertile soil along the marshy banks of certain rivers so treated. And the restraining of rivers will involve the building of dams in certain cases for impounding purposes, from which vast quantities of electrical energy may be derived: witness the magnificent work of the United States Army Engineers in the construction of the mighty Wilson Dam at Mussel Shoals, Alabama, the greatest in the world, which will greatly aid in the navigation of the Tennessee River and will supply power for what, in but a few years is likely to become the greatest industrial center in the world.

Improving harbors. In that a harbor is a channel for the nation's life, in that from it go lines of communication to the rest of mankind, it should be not only as conveniently and safely equipped as practicable for commerce, but should be made as beautiful as possible. This beautifying could be accomplished by clearing away the usual unsightly buildings and wharves bordering harbors and replacing them with structures pleasing to the eye; the Government to regulate these matters as pertaining to its commercial relations with other countries, and to coöperate (through its civilian army) with the port authorities and individual owners in the work of demolition and reconstruction.

Constructing canals and railroads and unsurpassable highways to open up areas suitable for cultivation, to facilitate transportation of the necessities of life, and to link up the country more closely part to part.

Reclaiming the wilderness by irrigation, and even tilling the soil, in places, scien-

tifically in preparation for those who will make their homes on it later.

Preserving forests by replanting, and planting new trees in barren regions, greatly extending the work now being done.

Draining swamps, in the interests of sanitation and of agriculture. Planting sightly trees, for health and beauty, in city streets and along rural highways.

Constructing national buildings of all sorts, fountains and gardens on Government property in cities, great and handsome bridges where needed, magnificent memorials in honor of the non-military great ones of the nation, et cetera.

These and other classes of necessary and beneficent work could peace-armies undertake successfully, all with the use of machinery of the most effective types to reduce actual manual labor to the minimum.

As to the psychological aspect of these suggestions, it should be borne in mind that great numbers of men are not fitted for the competitive life and strife, and are virtually enslaved by existing conditions, to the great detriment of their character and development. Office drudges, manual-labor menials, the light and life that should be theirs, are denied them, and they sink into their graves little better than when they came to this great world-school.

The civilian army life would set these men free and open for them the door to better things. The instruction constantly received by them should be such as to train their faculties and arouse their interest in the larger affairs of human life; and the consciousness of doing needed work for the nation would lend a dignity to their employment which could not be other than uplifting, for it would create a self-respect not before acquired by them. And with this self-respect would come greater self-control.

Selection of men for the places suited to them in the work of the civilian army could be made quite accurately by means of the excellent psychological tests which the Great War especially brought to the front.

Furthermore—and this is an important matter—every nation has as wards numbers of lowly developed individuals (who, from the point of view of the believer in reincarnation, are in many cases savages beginning their incarnations in civilized life and

not yet able to adapt themselves to civil or moral law), and these are costing the respective larger nations untold millions in treasure annually through the maintenance of prisons, reformatories, criminal courts, police departments that are veritable armies, insane asylums, hospitals, etc.

I contend that these individuals, drafted early into the civilian army through some legal procedure based upon a first offense or in some other proper way, would enjoy the conditions and be immeasurably improved before their span of life had been run; and that the outlay by the State would be greatly decreased, and the general happiness of all, through the removal, from among the more developed classes, of these younger souls, be gratifyingly enhanced. The saving in money would probably in time far more than pay the extra expense of the army itself, and the surplus could be applied to the training of the offsprings of the enlisted men and to providing in part for their wives.

A portion of the day and evening could be given to military training and general instruction for all, with additional time devoted to intensive military training for the more capable, to provide officers as well as a proper army for emergencies. The partial military training given the majority could be quickly advanced in case of war to a very effective status.

As time went on many would probably feel the urge of creativeness or individualism, and desire to strike out for themselves. This, in turn, would be well, for the time would have come for them to do this. But it would be within the power of the great organization to stimulate and foster creativeness by offering emoluments, such as promotion, decoration, or better opportunity to pursue chosen work; so that none need feel that the heights were barred for him.

Furthermore, it is adduced tentatively, these civilian armies might aid in the solution of labor troubles; for, when the demand for labor was slight and unemployment loomed up in the land, the Government could presently call for volunteers and undertake great works employing considerable numbers; and when men were needed for great private enterprises in years of prosperity, numbers of those attracted by the higher wages could be permitted to re-

sign or be given furloughs for this purpose. No man in the nation who could work, need be long without employment. This phase of the matter could be readily worked out with some precision by a bureau entrusted with it.

We are so prone to associate with our ideas of the State the selfish or one-sided activities of the professional politician that we quite lose sight of the significance of the relationship between the State and the citizen; and well were it for all the world if they would look upon the State as protector and cherisher and friend, as the great sage Pythagoras preached that memorable day at Tauromenion to the crowd about him on the hillside. "Government," said he, "exists only for the good of the governed. It is the State from which comes all that makes your life prosperous, and gives you beauty and safety. Within the State are built up the arts, which make the

difference between the barbarian and the developed man." "The duty of the State," said another, a great reformer of social conditions, "of organized society, is to secure to everyone of its members at least the minimum of welfare—of food, clothing, shelter, education, leisure—which will enable each to develop to the full the faculties which he brought with him into the world."

And how better can this potent and beautiful conception of the relationship between State and citizen be implanted permanently in the consciousness of the peoples of the world, how better can the welfare of all be served—the recurrence of destructive radicalism prevented, the sorrows and pains of mankind diminished, and hope, encouragement and happiness enhanced in vast numbers—than by means of these armies of peace, working steadily, intelligently, impersonally the world over for the great common good?

## The Wind's Song

By MARIAN KYLE LARSON

The whispering wind in the Ojai  
Brings soothing to anxious fears;  
And quietly steals o'er the spirit that reels  
From the conflict of by-gone years.

We have fought in life's weary battle;  
Have stood till the cause is won;  
Have struggled along with a laugh and a song,  
Till the journey is almost run.

And away in the distance, the conflict,  
Which rages with frightful din.  
'Tis the oncoming strife of this soul-testing life.  
How it pulses, without, within.

But here we can list to the murmur  
Of sweet-scented pine-trees that nod.  
Oh, quiet and rest! Oh, sweetest and best!  
We're alone with the Ojai and God.

# Krishnaji's Message

By MAE VAN NORMAN LONG



ANY people, outside the Star organization, have asked me: "What is Krishnamurti's message, simply put?"

I invariably respond: "Happiness through liberation from the things of the world." And they invariably misunderstand. "Why, we must have our homes, our motor cars—be suitably dressed, . . . ." and so on. Then I attempt an elucidation of my words.

Krishnaji's article: "The Harmonizing of the Bodies," in a recent issue of the *Star* magazine, might have been specially written for such enquirers. The World-Teacher says:

"There is a very strong impression in the minds of many that, in order to attain Liberation and Happiness, one must destroy the world that is around us, that one must annihilate all the achievements of art and religion. The attainment of that form of liberation, which is not Liberation at all, is negative and hence to be avoided.

"Liberation is not withdrawal from the world, but detachment from all things of the world. Though you must live in the world—as all of us do—and you must put on clothes, use motor cars, use all sorts of things of the world, yet you must be detached completely from all these things: that is the true withdrawal which is necessary for Liberation."

When I speak of his message as simple I am met by puzzled faces. Let me quote further:

"For the attainment of Liberation you must have great simplicity born of noble refinement and great culture. Without culture and refinement you are at the stage of acquisition. Culture and refinement come only when you have begun to discard, to throw aside those things that bind you. . . . A steamer on the great sea of waters, so powerful yet simple, is the fruit of the struggles, the unceasing experiments and failures of centuries. And simple as is this ship at sea, the outcome of constant elimination of useless things, so must be those

who are trying to find the peace which is Liberation, and to open the gates which lead to the Kingdom of Happiness. They must eliminate within themselves all things which are superfluous, all things which are unnecessary all things which are the accumulation of many centuries of struggle and failure.

"Liberation and Happiness are the positive side of life, the constructing and civilizing energy within us, the energy which creates order out of chaos, and above all, Liberation is self-realization, the unfolding of one's self."

Now what have we, as ordinary, everyday people, acquired? What have we to eliminate beside superstition and the clinging to form and tradition? On the material side we have the desire, that seems to be inborn in most of us, to heap up possessions—possessions of every sort. We are acquisitive. We go about, like the old woman in the story, counting green bag, blue umbrella, handbox and birdcage; . . . we are hampered with *things*. Though we may own a pleasant home, *sans* French doors and tiled baths, we are struggling toward the acquisition of the French doors and tiled baths. We may possess sufficient clothing, well-chosen, of good lines, but we permit our desires to whirl us chaotically on, and end by adding a few more useless appendages to our already sufficient supply.

We rush madly after wealth, we are quite frenzied in its pursuit. For is not a Rolls-Royce to be desired above a less *recherché* type of car? We are also ambitious for social prestige, for fame. But deep in the heart is the canker of greedy discontent, growing by the things its feeds on. So we go on and on. . . . And then at last one day in our travels we come upon a cool little spot in the mountains, we discover a sheltered hut in the hollow of the hills. There is a small porch, a wee patch of garden. "I'd like to live here," a voice says, from the interior of the limousine, "these people seem so happy!"

Eliminate! So many useless things, cumbersome, unwieldy, so many stifling customs, so many weak, wasting, weary, devastating thoughts.

Are you bound by the fevered desire to outshine your neighbor, the thirst for great wealth, for social position, for fame? "We must put on clothes, ride in motor cars, use all sorts of things of the world, yet we must be completely detached from all these things."

Next: Liberation is self-realization. Little by little we begin to emerge, to realize our oneness with all created beings, to lose the sense of separateness. We are in all that lives. We feel that the one Life flows equally in all. We are marching toward unity. We have times of feeling that we are the life that animates the plant and tree; we have a feeling of tremendous sympathy for all. Perhaps once or twice we have felt that we were part of the consciousness of our friend. There has been a strange blending. We have flowed toward that other in a manner miraculous to experience, impossible to relate. We find ourselves longing to love.

Insensibly the little faults—pettiness, envy, jealousy, vanity, cold, unworthy ambition—begin to drop away. Brighter grows the day. Slowly we are unfolding. We are becoming what we are.

"But," some one complains, "are we to lose our ambition?"

"Work as those who are ambitious." Destroy that in ambition which is unworthy. Why should we wish to outdistance our competitors? Cruel, relentless, biting ambition whips us on. We give it up only when we find, with dismay, that its fruits have turned to dust and ashes in our mouth. But joyous living, working constructively toward a higher level of expression, ah, this is different! Then we shall have time to help our fellow-pilgrims along the way. "Come along with me," we shall say. "I may not travel so swiftly, thus encumbered by your clinging weight, but there is eternity before me."

The time comes when we ask ourselves some burning questions—very painful they are, stark and fearsome, staring us unblinkingly in the face. I shall put these in the words of the World-Teacher:

"Have any of you given me Happiness—'me' the ordinary person?"

"Have any of you saved me from sorrow?"

"Have any of you given me the nourishment of heaven when I was hungry?"

"Have any of you felt so deeply that you could throw yourself into the place of the person who is suffering?"

"What have you produced, what have you brought forth?"

"What is your work?"

"Why should you be different because you belong to different societies, different sects, have different temperaments?"

"In what are you different from myself?"

"And now myself, being an ordinary person, I would ask you to come and look through my window, which will show you my heaven, which will show you my garden and my abode. . . ."

"I say that I am on firmer ground, on more beautiful ground, with greater strength, greater glory, than those who are in the bog, than those who think that, because it is so difficult to break all the things they have created, it is very difficult to reach my Kingdom, that it is very difficult to come there."

"But surely, if you were in the bog, you would not hesitate to step on firmer ground where there is sunshine, freshness and pure air."

Drawing a deep breath, we begin to realize that although we are gaining a new perspective, a new understanding of life, we have obeyed but a few of His precepts.

We are stirring now in our sleep . . . we are half awake. Soon we shall be standing upright, we shall walk abroad; we shall be about our Father's business. We shall press on, forgetting the things that are behind.

The words of the Master-Singer shall ever echo through the corridors of time:

"Doth not the man of multitude of things  
Grow weary of his possessions  
And seek the shelter of love?"

Doth not the ruler of many peoples  
Suffer the loneliness of his ambitions  
And seek the shelter of love?"

Doth not the man of the temple,  
Caught up in the exhaustion of his  
worship,  
Seek the shelter of love?"

Yea,  
All are in search of that abode  
That giveth them the glory of love."

# Canal Builders of Many Lands

By HELEN R. CRANE



ANAL building appears to have been one of man's first sciences, who knows but it may have been his first. There are no traces anywhere of its beginnings; but canals have been found everywhere a civilization has flourished.

There can never be a civilization, we are told, except there be the conditions for community-life; and without a water system, either natural or artificial, as a basis for community life, the conditions are not fulfilled.

Irrigation is a system to "establish moisture relations essential to plant growth." In localities where the rainfall is adequate and comes at proper intervals, artificial irrigation is not necessary. But in many lands, and from the time of utmost antiquity, the tillers of the soil have not found these moisture relations naturally established, and so have resorted to engineering to supplement nature.

One of the oldest irrigation systems known to history was built in Egypt, during the reign of Amenemhat III, four thousand years ago. By regulating the inundations of the Nile, artificial reservoirs, canals, and sluices protected the crops over a very large area.

Babylonia's history is really a history of her river whose waters were controlled by the engineers of the realm. Without this river, the city could not have been built, nor could the largest and most beautiful sunken garden recorded in the history of man have flourished in the midst of that desert land.

But as her glory came from her river, so did her fall. On the same night on which the king saw the "hand-writing on the wall," her enemies drew off the waters into canals they had dug above the city and entered under the water-gates of this, heretofore impregnable, fortress.

About the time of Gautama Siddhartha, five centuries before the Christian era, the Hindus built, in southern India, a water system so efficient that it has been in con-

stant use until the present time, and is today still watching over and guarding the lands of thousands of people.

Another admirable irrigation system was built by the Assyrians in the Tigris-Euphrates valley; and travelers passing that way more than a thousand years ago, told of the canals that flowed for a distance of four hundred miles from their mother-streams; of the date groves and fertile fields that flourished on their banks; and of many a city and town hovering over them—trusting to the water for their life.

These travelers also reported that the Chaldean engineers enjoyed high repute in all the world, and that it was to them alone that the country of Abraham's forebears owed its fullness of harvests—harvests which blessed them and made the name of their country known in many foreign lands.

Among the most remarkable structures of Rome at the time of the Empire were her aqueducts. Rome was a city of approximately a million souls, and its water supply was brought anywhere from fifty to two hundred miles, through conduits which, the wise Romans knew, had to be maintained at a level higher than the point of distribution. When these water-mains had to cross deep valleys, high arches were built to support them; when hills stood in their path, they were tunneled. At this time, Rome averaged using three hundred million gallons of water a day; hence the engineering skill involved must have been of a high order.

In the western world, too, canals were built by ancient peoples. Especially noteworthy was the system of the old Peruvians, whose country lay around a mountain in a part of the world where the rain seldom fell. In the heart of this mountain was a lake or natural reservoir, and from it the people had conducted the water, by means of subterranean aqueducts and canals to the different levels of their lands. The soil was so rich, and the vineyards so bountiful that when the avaricious Spaniards

(who were to spell this country's doom in the middle of the sixteenth century), first saw them, they thought they had come into a veritable earthly paradise.

At about the same time, while Cortez marched from the sea-coast back into Mexico he reported that the progress of his men was greatly hampered because the irrigation canals were at the season of flood, and he also sent back word to Spain that the Botanical Gardens of Europe, which had just come into existence, were nothing as compared to Montezuma's sunken gardens in which he found himself after crossing one of the greatest stone aqueducts he had ever seen.

Surrounded with impenetrable mystery are the lichen-covered remains of a very ancient canal system in southern Arizona, in the valleys of the Salt and the Gila Rivers. Some three hundred miles of artificial canals refreshed a hundred thousand acres of flat desert land and irrigated several thousand acres of terrace gardens, thus making habitable an enormous stretch of country.

But the builders of these canals are a forgotten people. History gives them no tale—not even a name. They passed into the shade of oblivion so long ago that the Indian tribes of Arizona have not even legends concerning their history. The Pimas, who are now found in that locality, say the "Hohokums" (the Unknown People), as they call them, were not ancestors of theirs, and had long been gone when they, themselves, came to the land.

The age of the canals can be stated rather accurately by the scientists; but the reason for, or the time of, the abandonment of the country after many centuries of farming will probably never be known. The writings left by these people on the rocks along the mountain-ways tell stories of battles, locations of water-holes, presence of enemies, and describe the varieties of game to be found near by; but the writings ceased before the exodus of this race, and the fate of these peoples is shrouded in mystery.

It is conjectured, though, that they may have left at the time of a prolonged drought. Trees keep a diary of the weather-conditions in their territory, writing each year an entry into their growing wood. By learning to read these entries the scientists

have seen where long periods of drought and then again, long periods of moisture, have alternately affected the tree denizens of a locality; and by this means they have been able to plot charts of weather conditions in various parts of the world, and for a period of three thousand years or so.

In the tree-diary of the Southwest we read that there have been several periods of drought—some of them covering a number of years in duration. One such drought was noted between five and six hundred years after the beginning of the Christian era; and it is thought by archeological investigators working in that territory a not unlikely possibility that the "Unknown People" were forced at this time to leave their ancestral inheritance of land, their household goods, and their dead, and go afar off in search of a country which was not under the wrath of the rain-god.

The approximate age of the canals has been ascertained by noting how far the process of erosion has sunk the river-bed below the bed of the abandoned canals at the point of the one-time juncture. The amount of erosion in this locality has been estimated, by scientists, to be about two inches per hundred years; And as the river bed is from twenty to thirty feet below these canals, these must be reckoned, at a most conservative figure, to be more than two thousand years old.

The remains of these Arizona canals show that, while they were primitive, they must have served their purpose well, for even now the "white man" has found it to his advantage to re-construct some of them rather than build new ones; and not a little of the water-system of these first colonists is serving the present race.

Many of the canals are over twenty feet wide on the bottom, sloping gradually to a much greater width at the top, and the grade in the canal beds is perfect. Since the people had no beasts of burden, the construction meant an infinite amount of drudgery. Dirt had to be carried away in baskets or blankets. Probably it was stored somewhere to be used later in making the adobe-plaster for their houses and temples. Even the excavation work was carried on with implements of stone, bone, and wood, as they had no metals, not even obsidian. When they found rocks in their way, they probably excavated them by building a fire

underneath, and suddenly pouring cold water over the heated stones, causing them to shatter easily when struck a blow. After this treatment, they could be dislodged with wooden poles.

Wherever possible, the water was diverted from the stream-source to natural depressions in the terrain, doing away with the necessity for so much dredging. Sometimes these primitive engineers miscalculated the slope and found that the water would not follow the course that had been suggested for it; then they would have to fill up the useless excavation and try in another direction. There are many mute evidences of these failures.

Reservoirs were built to provide an abundance of water for domestic purposes in each village which sprang up along the route of the system. Along the banks of these streams there were prosperous towns, each with its temples for fire and sun worship in the center, and with long, fertile fields of squash, beans, corn, tobacco, and cotton stretching before them. Sometimes, as in the case of Casa Grande on the Gila River, a city of many thousand inhabitants grew up and flourished, seemingly for centuries.

More than two thousand years ago these ancient engineers built the system upon which their civilization was laid; then, through some failure, probably not of their skill, but of the elements, this civilization had to fall.

Contemporaneous with these people, there were, in the Old World, Macedonia, with Alexander carrying her banner through India, Assyria, Egypt and other lands; Greece, who had most of her wisest men but was still waiting for Pythagoras to be born in Samos, and to make Crotona famous throughout all time; Rome who had not yet dreamed her dream of greatness;

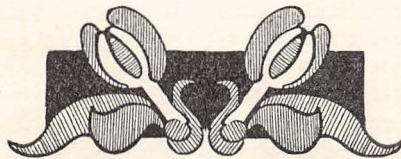
and Jerusalem, a nest of corruption and ignorance, calling for a Messiah who would lead her into national prominence.

To the south of them, in the New World, several great civilizations were flourishing—chiefly those of the Aztecs and the Mayas, perhaps, too, of the Incas; but the archeologists say that there appears no evidence that the skilled workmanship of those other people crossed the Rio Grande River. These old Arizonians were practicing an art older than themselves, one which they must have learned sometime in their past and brought with them, as there are no evidences of any contact with the more advanced southern civilization.

The shape of their skulls proves these peoples relatives of the more cultured peoples south of them; but they must have become separated from them and left the place of their common origin before those cultures were born. They had not even a slight knowledge of the practical masonry which makes the monuments of the Mayas and Aztecs so remarkable.

Today, the mountains and deserts of this region are barren wastes again. Now it is the white man who is trying to reclaim them. Phoenix and Tucson are two beautiful cities built in the heart of the great western desert, by engineers who knew how to establish and maintain the moisture relations necessary for community living. In the outskirts of Phoenix may still be seen many miles of the red man's canals, and many ruins of his cities.

Because the white man has greater knowledge of natural law than had his brother of earlier centuries, that old tragedy need not be re-enacted. The marvels of modern hydraulic engineering are overcoming the difficulties which, in all probability, caused the collapse of the civilization of the "Unknown People."



# Minor Prophets

By HENRY RICHARDSON THAYER



MERSON says, "A man may teach by doing, and not otherwise. If he can communicate himself, he can teach; but not words. He teaches who gives, and he learns who receives.

There is no teaching until the pupil is brought into the same state or principle in which you are; a transfusion takes place, he is you and you are he; then you have teaching, and by no unfriendly chance or bad company can he ever quite lose the benefit.

We who are aspirants to the higher, spiritual ideals of life are often aware how negligible seems our progress in becoming transfused with higher truths. Although vaguely conscious that all of the highest and purest Truth is eternally and everywhere evenly present; we are definitely and grievously conscious that we are apprehending or realizing very little of this Truth.

Our recollection of a beautiful, inspired poem may remind us that we are all architects of fate, each doing something that in its place is best, using as building material our yesterdays and our todays, fabricating with greatest care each minute and unseen part, in order to gain a firm and ample base upon which tomorrow may rest. Through this attention to detail first, we finally top the structure with a turret from which we may "see the world as one vast plain, and one boundless reach of sky;" but should the details be omitted, or even slighted, our edifice would presumably collapse long before we had started its turret.

What have Prophets to do with the building of the foregoing structure? Let us assume that the major Prophets are mightily inspired teachers sent to call our attention to the structure which requires building, to give us, according to our limited understanding, the best possible idea of the whole structure, and—presumably most important of all—to bring us, momentarily at least, into "the same state or principle in which they are," so that by *transfusion* we shall be kindled with the enthusiastic aspiration to do our full part (be this great or be it

ever so humble) in the mighty work; a benefit which we can never entirely lose.

Could we wisely ask, or reasonably expect more from a major Prophet? Whilst listening to him, we feel that he has told us all about it, that nothing is lacking. Next day, separated from the power that he is, we realize that he has really told us nothing *about* it: what he has done is to tell us *the thing itself*. Perhaps we realize much later that should he have attempted to give us descriptions and details, to go into "how's" and "why's" he would have weakened his main message to the very degree that he used such methods. Before we can proceed intelligently with the work which we have been inspired through the major Prophet to undertake, we must seek the teaching of a minor prophet, in order to learn from him the details, and how they may be, or must be included.

Let us refer to a major Prophet for a moment, for purposes of comparison. Should we know him did we meet him and have the privilege of listening to his inspired utterances? The old Greeks said: "The gods are known to one another, but not to mortals;" and one of the greatest of Prophets said, "A Prophet is not without honor save in his own country, amongst his own kin, and in his own house;" and he might have added, "and in his own times;" for all too seldom is a Prophet's greatness discovered whilst He yet moves amongst us in the flesh. Should we be so signally blessed that we might both hear and know Him, what would be the effect upon ourselves? I think the effect would be somewhat mixed. We would feel a bit reverent, partly toward the instrument manifesting wisdom, love, and lofty aspiration; but more so towards those qualities so plainly perceived pouring forth through Him. Yet if we are at all trained to know ourselves, or to understand our emotions, we cannot escape the conclusion that our possibility of recognizing Him, as a "Channel through which Heaven floweth," lies in the fact that

His same qualities are germinating, stirring, and clamoring for recognition and expression in ourselves. We can neither perceive, understand nor appreciate anything which we ourselves are not.

This reverence might not be the only feeling called forth through listening to a major Prophet. When a Voice is said to have thundered forth the Ten Commandments from the summit of Mt. Sinai the Israelites besought Moses: "Let not God speak to us, lest we die." In this same regard, the major Prophet might inspire more awe or even fear, than love and understanding. We make little direct use of the sun, save in the absolute sense of receiving its light and heat; but for ordinary daily living we use this power transformed into fuel and food, steam or electricity, forms more amenable to our control.

Yet the greater the Prophet, the less need we fear him, if we are sincere. Christ was the true friend of publicans and sinners, harlots, and especially of little children. and "the common people heard Him gladly;" but after one experience with Elisha's bears, we presume little children must have given him a wide berth.

One of our main concerns with prophets should be to gain more consciousness through their teachings how "closer is He than breathing, nearer than hands and feet;" yet we sometimes feel as though the greater Ones are standing upon heights from which They cannot completely reach down to us on those lower levels where we habitually dwell, neither can we ascend to, or long abide upon, the planes where They are; and from which They must give out Their messages. We feel too remote from the Supreme Architect. But for the major Prophets, we might never suspect His existence. Their mighty utterances, penetrating forth continuously throughout the ages, implant in our bosoms the Celestial Fire; we leave Their presence mightily inspired by a glorious but misty concept of the tremendous grandeur of the entire Plan; They have made us see for the moment as perhaps They see always, and we can never quite forget the Vision. It is much as though a lightning flash had illumined the gloom in which we habitually grope, and given us an instant's view of miles of beautiful surrounding country. Almost before

the flash occurred, it is gone, and we feel more bewildered than we did before we saw so much. Then it is that we reach out for a hand, a hand of tangible flesh and blood, like our own, of the nature of our own, warm, vibrant, friendly; a hand to lead us over the next few immediate difficult steps which the blinding flash has served to obscure, rather than to reveal. Mighty concepts, general principles, how shall we apply them to the details of immediate pressing duties? Is there such a hand?

Let us return to our simile of the builders. We now seem to be holding in our hands a fragment of no particular or definite shape, which we are commanded to use as our contribution toward the building of the structure which is human evolution. Where does it fit in the magnificent edifice the vision of which has been shown us, but never its plans or specifications? It might be anything from a bit to chink in between the great stones of the foundation, to a part of the carving surmounting the main portal.

What we need now so sorely is somebody to show us how to make application of general truths, or laws, to particular facts, instances and circumstances, someone to show us how to take the next step, to do the next thing demanding immediate attention. Someone nearer to the major Prophets than we seem likely to become, yet also far nearer to us, and our commonplace lives, full of detail, and needing uncanny resourcefulness in order to handle these details aright. Such a person may well be termed a "minor prophet." Perhaps he is that much-sought-for "brother who can hold us steadily to a truth, till we have made it our own." These minor prophets we so greatly need, are a few steps in advance of ourselves, yet not advanced beyond hailing distance or recognition. It has been said; "A man's own are those who have already found that which he is yet seeking." In order to help his younger brothers find that which they yet seek, the elder brother should still retain in his memory the consciousness of his discovery, and the early means through which it was accomplished. Unlike a major Prophet, this elder brother ought not to be advanced to a state or plane where his habitual mental

attitude vibrates to a wave-length which his younger brother cannot readily catch; also his wave-length needs to be harmonious with that of the pupil.

Another great factor in favor of certain of the minor prophets, is their critical ability. No sect, creed or manner of thinking is yet perfect; all seem to emphasize certain aspects unduly, at the expense of a rounded and complete understanding of the whole. In some of the sects today arise impetuous, vigorous, compelling, magnetic personalities, certain of themselves that they are bearers of a veridical message; a message which it is their bounden duty to impart to humanity. So certain are they of both its authenticity and its perfection, that they emphatically insist that it is blasphemy and heresy to subject this message to any examination or criticism to determine its amount of Truth.

These people usually "die, and leave no sign;" but one who has left many signs which grow plainer as time advances, tells us: "No man can thoroughly understand a Truth, until he has contended against it." He furthermore states: "Out of unbeliefs, a creed shall be formed. For skepticisms are not gratuitous or lawless, but are limitations of the affirmative principle, and the new philosophy must take them in and make affirmations outside of them."

The highest Authorities Whom we recognize, enjoin upon us the duty of examining any messages, even Their own; to "think of the matter for yourself, and judge for yourself whether it is reasonable." However, right critical ability might not so much concern the message itself, to the end of eliminating "false prophets, who come to you in sheep's clothing," as it would concern itself with an examination into the mechanism of the consciousness through which any message is received, to see if indeed this consciousness is pouring forth *what* was poured in, *as* it was poured in; or if this message is given forth through the instrument as though coming through colored glass, and distorted lenses. There are men exceedingly important to the wel-

fare of their fellows, whose services consist in discovering and correcting aberrations and defects. Almost every manufactured product is subjected to their careful inspection, a matter perhaps performed by a person unable to make what he is examining, whereas he who makes it is not so well adapted to discover its flaws as is the man specially trained to find them.

"A fervent mystic, prophesying half insane under the infinitude of his thought" cannot be hampered in his delivery, or tied down too closely to the trivial or the detail. He must exaggerate; it is highly proper that he should. But tomorrow comes, and the fervor which we caught from his personality, his intensity, his magnetism, and sense of greatness, has left us. Then we cry out for someone in whom the fierce blinding power of the mystics has kindled a steady, genial, enriching glow, a warmth which we can approach closely, that we can almost literally hold against our bosoms till the ice of fear shall be melted away from around our hearts. God send us such men and women! Those to whom we can look for our daily guidance, our ordinary inspiration; not so remote but that we may feel strong kinship and mutual understanding; not so great nor so aloof but that we may love them, rather than revere them; minor prophets!

But who is so poor in spirit, or so lacking in scope of influence that someone does not look to him for some needed guidance, inspiration, help or love? And who, thus appealed to, does not feel spurred on to further seeking and deeper understanding in order that he shall be prepared to furnish the hints and helps instead of sending the seeker away empty? Thus are we not all minor prophets?

The journey to oneness with the Father along the Way of Liberation is long and arduous; but whoever advances a brother one step thereon, must add universal credit to his own account far greater than he might through gain of unlimited temporal power, or boundless material substance.

## SOCIAL SERVICE

### A Poor Little Boy

By FLORENCE FREEMAN



GENERALLY speaking, a piece of social service work requires the combined effort of several organizations for achieving a measure of success. True humanitarian work necessitates remedying the whole, while stressing a part, as in the following story of a poor little boy and his distressed family.

He came from far back in the country, this poor little boy, with a disease of the eye which would destroy the sight; in fact, the sight of one eye was practically gone and the vision of the other greatly impaired. This was discovered by the school nurse who visited the home and found the family in rather desperate straits. There were nine of them, the mother and eight children. The father had deserted them, taking the oldest boy with him; so the mother had returned to the town in which she had been born and married, and which she still called home. They had very little money, inadequate clothing, and the younger children, especially, were poorly nourished, food having been none too plentiful for several years past. The oldest boy with her, who was of working age, had just broken his arm and, being unable to work, despaired of retaining his job. The oldest girl was out trying to get work, but she was handicapped by being of school age and by not having very presentable clothing. Two small children had the measles; fortunately they were not very ill; two were in school for, as they had had the disease and were being kept away from the two sick children, the mother had thought it all right to send them. A boy and a girl had not been entered in school

because the family wardrobe was too scanty to go around. The next older boy was wearing the only respectable pair of trousers and then the boy at home had only one shoe anyway, having lost the other out of the train window through some childish prank during their journey into town. The girl was at home because her shoes were ragged and she had no decent dress to wear. She had upset the ink on the one she had. The mother was trying to make her a dress from an old skirt and doing pretty well with it at that.

They were living in three rooms in a basement. The mother's sister had shared her home with them to that extent, but she had children and was poor herself, so could do no more. Conditions were reported to the Board of Health and the doctor came immediately and set the boy's arm, and left medicine for the sick children. The nurse had already instructed the mother as to better isolation and care. A coal order and grocery order were supplied by a City Commission of Charities, although the people were newcomers in town, and thus not entitled to this kind of assistance; and the Associated Charities provided a moderate sum of money to supplement these provisions temporarily so that the family could carry on until able to support itself again.

The employer of the oldest boy was interviewed and he agreed to hold the position for him; but as he had been there but a few days he drew no salary or compensation. Special permission was obtained from the school authorities to allow the girl to leave school, take a position, and attend part-time school, for she had not completed

the necessary grade. From her own wardrobe the nurse supplied a suitable dress and through the aid of the City Employment Bureau the girl was placed where the work would not be too hard for her years. The Civic Club was called upon to find work that the mother could do at home to help out. The nurse had her sister-in-law, whose daughter was about the age of the little girl, to donate a couple of dresses and a pair of shoes for the child, a dress for the mother, and several other much needed articles. For shoes for the boy she sought a man whose private philanthropy took the nature of providing shoes for needy school children. Every city has some worthy citizen whose work of brotherhood is more or less hidden.

The two boys attending school were put on the free milk list, thus getting a pint of milk a day. The fund for that purpose was supplied by the County Tuberculosis Association. Arrangements were made by the Mother's Club to supply to the home, each day for a period of six months, two quarts of milk to be given to the three youngest children.

The eyes of the school-age children were tested and the ten-year old girl was found to have faulty vision. She was taken to an eye clinic where a specialist examined her and fitted her to glasses. The child, with the prescription, was taken to an optician, fitted to frames, and provided with her glasses within forty-eight hours. This man made a special rate for poor children, giving the deducted twenty percent as his act of brotherhood, his bit of social service. The rest of the bill was paid by the local Red Cross Chapter.

In the meantime, the boy with the diseased eye had been taken to the eye clinic and then to a clinic of consulting specialists, and it was decided that the only hope for saving any vision lay in removing the diseased eye without delay. As there was no special fund available for hospital care the nurse telephoned the local association for the blind, explaining the urgency for immediate care. They responded with the necessary pledge to the hospital, that they would be responsible for the bill. The nurse had already explained the possibilities to the mother, and had gotten her written permission to follow the advice of the eye surgeon, so the child was entered

in the hospital, the mother notified as to proceedings, and further information sent to the Association for the Blind. They offered, in addition, to pay for the glass eye which the boy would need, and for any dressings, etc., as might be required.

In the hospital free wards, the clothing of a patient is generally taken to a store room where it is disinfected and then kept for him in a cupboard, for he is supplied with hospital clothing during his stay in the institution. They had few children's clothes, as there was no children's ward in this hospital, but Alexander was outfitted from the general supply, being allowed to keep his own shoes and stockings. After the operation he trotted around in gown and other clothes far too big for him, but enjoying his prominence as an unusual case, happy in the relief from pain and discomfort caused by the bad eye, and enjoying a far clearer vision in the remaining eye than had been his for a long time past. He delighted in waiting upon nurses and patients who made quite a pet of him, finding his cheery helpfulness (like sunshine after rain) very pleasing and refreshing.

Finally the day came when the surgeons dismissed him to the out-patient department and home care. Great joy was his, for though the family was poor, it held much affection. The school nurse had promised to take him home in a taxi as the physician did not want him to travel on the street car until danger of infection was past.

It happens now and then in a hospital that clothes are lost or mislaid. The detail in the management of large hospitals is tremendous, and if one of the cogs in the wheel slips, things like that sometimes occur. The orderly on the ward was the faulty cog in this instance. He had tucked Alexander's clothes away in the handiest place at the moment, no doubt intending to put them in the proper place later, but probably had forgotten to do so. For when the nurse called after school hours to take the boy home, his clothes could not be found, and the orderly was out of town. Both Alexander and the nurse waited one hour, two hours, and still the clothes could not be found. All up patients on the ward entered into the search and every possible and impossible nook and cranny was

searched. The little fellow became despondent, for his hopes had been set on returning home that day; and he knew, and the nurse knew, that there were no more clothes at home, and to him that was a serious matter. Of course, had they not been forthcoming, the hospital would have provided new clothes for him and would not have charged for the extra time in the hospital, but he did not know this; and anyway, he had been looking forward to that return home for days. The nurse had not the heart to disappoint him; she had told him that she would take him home, and she never broke her word to a child.

She had only a few dollars in her purse, the price of a new victrola record which she had long promised herself; a dinner, and a trip to the movies which had been her evening's plan, a necessary relaxation now and then for those who contact much sorrow and suffering. Now it was almost time for the stores to close, but she hurried out to a nearby one where inexpensive garments were kept, and purchased underclothes, a wash suit, a cap, and a sweater which, being the last one they had, was marked down to eighty-five cents. These she bore triumphantly to the hospital, hustled Alex into them, called a taxi and took him home. He felt rather proud because he had a regular baseball suit and cap on. True, that evening the nurse ate a simple home-dinner, and did without the other treats she had planned, but she felt more than repaid by the happiness of the boy and his family.

For awhile the eye required dressing three times a day, and the boy had to be taken to the surgeon at intervals. So the

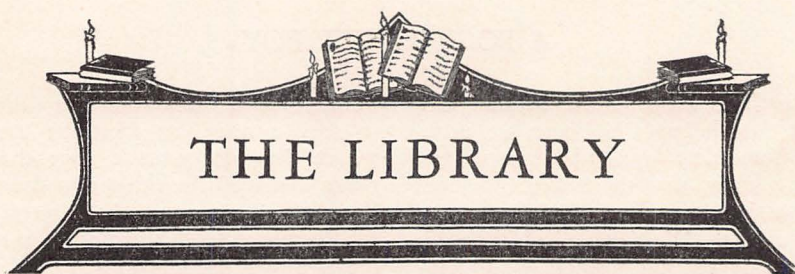
Public Health Association was called upon to send a nurse to dress the eye-socket, which they did once a day; the school nurse managed the other two dressings in her off-duty time until the surgeon considered it safe to teach the mother to continue the care. When the condition permitted the insertion of the glass eye, he was taken to the oculist, who matched his eye beautifully and taught him how to insert and remove it; and Alex became a good looking boy again.

After that he was entered in the sight conservation class in a nearby city, his own town not having one; and his transportation was taken care of by the Association for the Blind. With the strain of the diseased eye removed, Alexander's health has improved considerably, he is progressing with his studies, and is a happy, freehearted boy. As he said to the nurse recently, "Why! I can play ball and run as good as any of 'em." The entire family is now on a self-supporting basis and very grateful for all the help that carried them over that hard time.

This outline of the whole family is given to show the inter-correlation of social service activities often required when a piece of social work is entered into; and the various organizations, associations, clubs, and individuals that are called upon, sometimes, to coöperate in connection with one case. For this bit of social service, twenty different sources were invoked—individuals, organizations, or divisions of organizations. In this case, the efforts resulted in complete rehabilitation which, unfortunately, cannot always be achieved.

## Knowledge

The mind of man is this world's true dimension;  
And knowledge is the measure of the mind:  
And as the mind, in her vast comprehension,  
Contains more worlds than all the world can find;  
So knowledge doth itself far more extend,  
Than all the minds of man can comprehend.—Lord Brooke.



## Annie Besant

*A Review By* MARIE BARNARD

An "essay" is what Geoffrey West calls his biographical analysis of the life of *Annie Besant*, published by the Viking Press, New York. He declares it is the only attempt yet published that deals with her life and personality in anything like an impartial spirit, for he is "neither a Theosophist nor an anti-Theosophist nor—it is sufficiently relevant to add—attached even remotely to any religious or political organization."

The author says that Mrs. Besant has been cited as one of the three most remarkable women of the past eighty years—the other two being Mrs. Booth and Mrs. Butler. He says that she was an outstanding figure in the early days of her career but that "all that she was then seems today but the preface to what she was to become, and to agree that she was remarkable then is necessarily to agree that she is today doubly remarkable. . . ."

"Her sufferings, her labors, and her victories were the birth-pangs wherein an attitude essentially familiar was shaped and produced, an attitude at least more tolerant and understanding, expressed in a wider sympathy and a concern with the spirit rather than the letter of belief, more human if sometimes less humane, taking a broader and possibly profounder if more bewildered view. It is no longer the fashion to denigrate things Victorian, but to study the life of Mrs. Besant is to realize how many of the swaddling cruelties which public opinion in the sixties and seventies lent all its weight to enforce, would be possible no longer—or under the most unusual circumstances. In the change thus marked she has played her part, and a

great part, and whatever our final attitude to her, this debt must be acknowledged. She battled for free thought in days when hell was an ever-threatening reality, and even intelligent clergymen—leaders of religious thought—declared it the Church's duty, not hers, to ascertain the truth; she strove against the subjection of women, for their education and equality, in a period when the general attitude was that summed up in two sentences from a contemporary article: 'No woman ought to be encouraged in the belief that she has separate interests or separate duties. God and Nature have merged her existence in that of her husband.' She gave in the seventies the first popular impulse to the modern birth-control movement by her public defense of its principles in the face of every insult and ascription of obscene motive; she upheld upon platform and in print the rights of smaller nationalities at a time when the intoxication of empire still rose unrestrained. She was a Socialist before Socialism became respectable, an advocate and organizer of Trade Unions when even the workers accepted them unwillingly, a propagandist against royalty, capital punishment, the existing land system, and for women's suffrage and equal justice. Upon all these issues she was, if never alone, a pioneer, and time has justified her; there is not one which is not today either so fully accepted that it is taken for granted or would not be discussed with a vastly wider tolerance than even she, probably, dreamed of. She fought, it is clear to us today, on the side of the angels, and it might seem ironic—were it not that we instinctively take it for granted—that like all agents of heaven she

was attacked most bitterly by the godly.

"There was indeed, it appears, scarcely a public controversy from the seventies to the nineties, touching intellectual, social, or political freedoms, with which she did not identify herself upon the unpopular side; typify her era she certainly does not, but she may be said to have summed it up in a very large degree simply by the extent to which she ran counter to its most cherished beliefs and prejudices, fought against the storm of its reactionary forces. By a study of her might be discerned, as through a glass, distorted sometimes in detail no doubt, but on the whole true enough, a picture of the period. Told in full, her life-story would be unfolded against, as its necessary background, a panorama of the last eighty years.

"But her significance is more than this, and it is rather in this additional respect that her later progress into Theosophy becomes relevant. For though throughout her life she has been deeply involved in politics, the essential fact concerning her is that she has been from first to last a religious adventurer, a spiritual pilgrim. Herein she has a special importance which can be indicated only as her progress is outlined and studied.

"It may be asserted then without further ado that she is a woman well worthy of attention. . . .

"It is, then, as a pioneer, as a spiritual pilgrim, and as a unique personality that the subject of this brief study may be regarded. In the following pages it will be necessary to give due attention to each of these aspects in turn. Only by doing so does a just estimate become possible."

Mr. West enters into the most intimate details of Mrs. Besant's life. He begins with her birth, October 1, 1847, details her ancestry, and pictures tellingly the events that were destined to have a great influence in her life. He dwells especially on the childhood of "little Pheasantina," as she was called. From her father, William Wood, he suggests that "she inherited her intellectual and business abilities, her assurance, her adaptability; from her mother her emotional qualities, her passionate nature, her capacity for feeling deeply, her sensitiveness, and, not least, her pride."

Her early education was under the tutelage of Florence Marryat and was greatly

influenced by religious stories of saints and martyrs. "She must have possessed unusual if not remarkable intelligence. At five years of age she could read easily and found in books her principal amusements."

The author cites in detail the tragic doing and undoing of her marriage to Dr. Frank Besant, the former referred to by Mr. Stead as, "she could not become the Bride of Heaven, therefore she became the bride of Mr. Besant—and he was not an adequate substitute." In all that took place there was not a propitious circumstance, except it might be the births of her son and her daughter who were, in adulthood, to become her devoted followers and companions.

Religious doubts followed thick and fast after her unfortunate, unhappy marriage, and culminated in her leaving her husband in 1873 and the church in 1875—"turning from God to man, to a belief in man's redeeming powers; in man's remolding energy; in man's approaching triumph, through knowledge, love, and work. She sought in her new belief, though liberty, no element of license; in her lectures delivered for the National Secular Society during these years, no subject was more frequently dealt with than that of human ethical growth and the duty of man to man. No thought was more constantly in my mind than that of the importance of morals." "

There followed Mrs. Besant's struggles with poverty, the death of her mother, social ostracism on account of the teachings of birth control, propaganda for which cost her also the custody of her children through the efforts of the tyrant, Frank Besant.

"Mrs. Besant has been accused many times of caring little for criticism. How should she when she knows always that she is right. Had she lacked such certainty she would never have traveled so far or so widely. . . . She went about the country greeted alternately with cheers and stones, speaking upon religion and politics, . . . and ardent Home Ruler, passionately critical of 'the land question,' the incidence of taxation, the cost of royalty, . . . she strove to touch the consciences of the people and to make them feel the immorality of a land-stealing, piratical policy. Against war, against capital punishment,

against flogging, demanding national education instead of big guns, public libraries instead of warships. . . .

After the great battle of Bradlaugh's ejection from Parliament, and his final acceptance, through which Mrs. Besant fought valiantly by his side, she passed through a less turbulent period physically, but mentally there was great unrest, due to her changing opinions from her socialist and atheistic viewpoints. She needed something other. From her scientific studies of biology her interest shifted to psychology. She was questioning, What is life? What is thought? The materialistic hypotheses were inadequate. Bradlaugh was greatly disturbed by her changing attitude toward materialism, and finally they went their separate ways.

Then she had a psychic experience in which the voice of a Master told her she would soon find the light. It was a promise quickly fulfilled, for shortly afterwards Mr. Wm. T. Stead asked her to review *The Secret Doctrine* by Madame Blavatsky. Mrs. Besant recognized that here was the revelation for which she had been seeking. She obtained an introduction to the author, and not long afterwards joined the Theosophical Society.

Speaking of her many changes of belief and opinion, Mr. West says: "Mrs. Besant's life might very well be presented simply as a quest for a more effective external form of belief by which she could the more efficiently focus her powers, condense them to more dynamic unity." It is at this point that Mr. West's critical ability fails to give him a greater understanding of what Theosophy is and what it meant to her, for he says: "She began, if not to deceive herself, at least to make a denial of all for which she had previously stood by a dogmatic acceptance" for that Theosophy, as accepted by her, is not dogmatic is scarcely to be maintained. Not being a student of it the biographer blunders here and draws a wrong conclusion.

After giving a condensed history of the Theosophical Society, he describes in glowing terms the statesmanship of Mrs. Besant's political work for India, and what he

terms, the "ups and downs of her political life."

He notes her announcement in 1908 that a World-Teacher was soon to come. He describes the finding of Krishnamurti and his brother, their adoption, the events that happened afterwards, and the founding of the Order of the Star.

At the end of the last chapter but one of the book Mr. West refers to the center at Ojai Valley, California, which Mrs. Besant has chosen as the center of a new civilization and speaks of her working so joyfully in her eightieth year. "Such certainty, such faith, is given to few today; the spirit of the age has changed. To marvel, possibly to envy, certainly to admire—that is all of which, most of us, seem to be capable."

We wish that the author had taken himself at his word and had ended his book with those words. But unfortunately he added a chapter that seems in little keeping with the former chapters.

He has considered her, he says, in three aspects: As a pioneer, as a spiritual pilgrim, and as a personality. As a pioneer he gives her glowing credit and is generous in his remarks of her personality; but in defining the spiritual pilgrim he lamely and unjustly correlates his opinion with Keyserling's criticism of Theosophy, and concludes that Mrs. Besant lacks in spirituality.

One can only excuse this blunder on Mr. West's part because he is ignorant both of the philosophy she lives and of her teachings. His statement can be refuted by many thousands in all parts of the world to whom she is a spiritual teacher.

It is to be hoped that the readers of Mr. West's book will be more moved by the genuine praise given his unique subject than by some of his shortsighted criticisms and will be encouraged to learn for themselves of the exemplary character and sterling worth of this remarkable woman.

The pages of her books are full of hidden and disclosed harmonies, voices ringing with her soul's appeal, beauty that is permanent, wisdom, and spiritual inspiration: she can no other.

# The Editor's Telescope

M. R. H.

## PEACE

Representatives of many of the principal countries of the world are planning to meet on August 27th and sign Secretary Kellogg's Peace Pact. If the hopes that flood towards that event from the nations participating could but bind the Pact into an actual preventive of war one would feel more confident of a world-peace future; then the promise of today would become the guarantee of a war-free tomorrow.

The pen picture of war written by Sylvester and printed in *The Herald of Peace* is powerful and realistic:

War the mistress of enormity,  
Mother of mischief, monster of deformity,  
Laws, manners, arts, she breaks, she mars,  
    she chases,  
Blood, tears, bowers, towers, she spills,  
    smites, burns and raises,  
Her brazen teeth shake all the earth  
    asunder;  
Her mouth a fire brand, her voice is  
    thunder;  
Her looks are lightning, every glance a  
    flash,  
Her fingers guns, that all to powder plash,  
Fear and despair, flight and disorder, coast  
With hasty march before her murderous  
    host,  
As burning, rape, waste, wrong, impiety,  
Rage, ruin, discord, horror, cruelty,  
Sack, sacrilege, impunity, pride,  
Are still stern consorts by her barbarous  
    side;  
And poverty, sorrow and desolation,  
Follow her army's bloody transmigration.

★ ★ ★

## SCIENCE MEASURES MORALS

One of the most interesting reports of tests being made on school children is reported in *The World's Work*, in an article by Albert Edward Wiggam. He is an authority on such subjects for he devotes his life to making biology and kindred sciences known to the general public. He says:

"Do all the vast efforts to educate for character, on which we spend hundreds of millions of dollars, do anybody any good? Do they make people *actually* better or worse? We are forced to the startling confession that nobody *actually* knows. In proof of this let us ask ourselves a few straight-from-the-shoulder questions:

"Does the teaching of an ideal to an individual before he has himself gone through the experience which caused that ideal to grow cause him to incorporate that ideal into his own behavior, or does it merely result in sentimental weakening of his character?

"Does requiring a pledge promote the sense of honor?

"Does the giving of prizes and rewards for good deeds promote habits of honor and kindness, or of subterfuge and hypocrisy?

"Does requiring a child to keep a record of its good deeds make it virtuous or priggish? Or does it teach the value of successful lying?

"Does rigid discipline, such as that of military schools and camps, promote self-control or dependence on external props?

"*Nobody knows the complete answer to a single one of these and a thousand other similar questions.* Yet we are spending untold millions every year in the assumption that the answers are simple and obvious.

"In view of this chaotic situation, it is a credit to the institute of Social and Religious Research of New York City that it has within the last four years carried on an extensive research in an effort to answer a few of these questions with scientific tools. The investigations were made by Dr. Hugh Hartshorne of Teachers College, Columbia University, and Dr. Mark A. May, of Yale. To the writer, at least, this research seems to mark the beginning of an epoch in the moral history of mankind.

"The point of attack was the study of the tendencies in school children to lie, cheat, and steal. The immediate object was not to analyze motives, but to measure the

amount of deception and the strength of tendencies to deceive among children. . . .

Some other tests were called the 'Improbable Achievement Tests.' One consists of a number of small circles arranged in a large ring on a sheet of paper. The test is to take a pencil and, with eyes closed, put as many dots as possible in each one of these circles, going around the ring in serial order. Any high degree of success is ample proof that the subject peeped.

"A number of puzzles also were used, which looked simple but actually were very difficult. The child who solved them too easily plainly cheated.

"Other tests involved problems of information or vocabulary. First they were given without supervision: the children took the vocabulary test home. Then later other tests, of the same difficulty, were given under strict supervision. If a child made a much higher score at home, it was proof that he had received help or used a dictionary.

"To measure the stealing type of deception, the children were asked to solve a puzzle by arranging a number of coins in a small pasteboard box. When the children returned the boxes there seemed to be no way by which the box used by each child could be identified, but they were secretly marked. As a result some children stole some of the coins.

"Two types of deception were studied: *First*, lying to escape disapproval or punishment; and *second*, lying to gain approval or reward. One method for finding the first type of liars was for the examiner to pass out a sheet, some time after a class had taken certain tests, with such questions as, 'Did you ever cheat on any sort of tests?' Since exact records had been kept of all the tests in question, the liars were easily detected. From this a 'truthfulness index' could readily be made. . . .

"One of the most surprising discoveries was that the occupation of the parents had a very consistent relation to the honesty of the children. The parents were divided into four groups: *first*, professional, large business, accountants, architects, physicians, teachers; *second*, small business, foremen, highly skilled labor, *third*, skilled labor—plumbers, electricians, plasterers, mechanics; and *fourth*, unskilled laborers.

"The children of the first group stand

out conspicuously as the most honest. The last three groups were very much alike, but the first group was distinctly above the average. Just why the children of a small business man should be less honest in keeping their eyes closed than are the children of bankers is not clear. . . .

"The old controversy as to whether character is due to heredity or to environment, or both, was of course met with. Brothers and sisters were found to resemble each other in intelligence. Almost everybody admits that bright parents are more likely to have bright children than are stupid parents and morons. Our researchers found that honesty and dishonesty ran in families about as intelligence does.

"One of the finest things that came out was that in some schools there would be a teacher whose classes ran distinctly higher for honesty than did others in the same building. The authors became convinced that these exceptional cases were due chiefly to the fine personal influence of the teacher. In one school where the pupils were very dishonest, they passed the following year under one of these superior teachers. Within a single year this class changed from the most dishonest to the most honest class in the building. . . .

"Three groups were studied intensively to find out the influence upon honesty of various handicaps—bad homes, quarreling parents, and several other factors—when combined in a unified score. The three groups were designated as follows: the honesty group—those who were entirely honest; the dishonesty group—those who were dishonest and lied about it; the confessor group—those who were dishonest and, when asked, confessed.

"A most ingenious handicap score was worked out for each pupil in these groups. The character of the homes was scored by an elaborate system, and also the home atmosphere—how the parents got along with each other, how they dealt with the child, and the like. One way of getting at the home atmosphere was a 'good manners test.' The pupil was asked to score as 'true' or 'false' such statements as the following:

" 'If soup is too hot, blow on it.' 'In helping yourself to sugar, use your own spoon.' 'A boy should not detain a girl to talk on the sidewalk.' 'When not in use the tea-

spoon should be (1) left in the teacup, (2) placed on the table, or (3) placed on the saucer.'

"The answer to these questions gave an insight into the child's home life. Those with good manners cheated slightly the less.

"A few other findings were as follows: It was no handicap in being honest whether a child came from a Catholic, Jewish, or Protestant home. Taken as a whole, the confessor group showed the lowest intelligence, the lowest deportment in school, the poorest homes, the worst parents, and the lowest neighborhood. It seems curious that the confessors had worse home surroundings and lower intelligence than the dishonest group, but it was so.

"Children who attended movies more often than once a week were found to be more dishonest than children who attended less. This does not prove that the pictures caused dishonesty. It may indicate that such children have less home supervision, and many other things. . . .

"What, then, are the main conclusions of this great research? The first is obviously that moral behavior is a thing that can be measured. The second is that the effects upon moral behavior of various agencies and methods of teaching can likewise be measured.

"The authors believe that the investigation shows that moral education should proceed along two broad general lines: *First*, what is commonly called the 'Removal of Temptations.' Among these temptations are rewards for honest conduct so alluring that they create dishonest conduct in order to obtain them. *Second*, carrying children through those types of experience in which the sense of honor, as an inner personal possession, is the natural outcome and sole reward of behavior. This sense of honor is to be learned, as anything is learned, by having the child practice repeatedly those situations which bring it about, till it gains the strength of a habit.

"By this process he will achieve the only freedom there is, the possession within himself of the 'insight and self-mastery' that not only enable him, but, by the insistence of his habit systems, drive him fearlessly 'to challenge an imperfect world with a high ideal' of his own."

## COFFEE

Dr. John Kellogg, of the Battle Creek Sanatorium, who has experimented for long years to ascertain the effects of coffee on the human organism is of the opinion that its effects are deleterious to health. In the following excerpt from his magazine *Good Health*, he takes the pains to deny what he calls "coffee lies." His conclusions are exceedingly interesting:

### COFFEE RELIEVES FATIGUE

This is not true. Coffee hides fatigue. It paralyzes the fatigue center and makes a man think he is rested when he is tired. Dr. Edward Smith of England proved this more than fifty years ago, when he showed that work done under the influence of coffee caused greater fatigue than work done without it.

### COFFEE INCREASES ABILITY TO WORK

The very opposite of this is true. Nansen in his arduous expedition across Greenland tried it and gave it up. The men who were pulling the heavy sleds across the snow and ice first took coffee two or three times in the afternoon and evening, but they found the effects were so bad they restricted themselves to a single cup in the morning. They found this also injurious, and, as Nansen says, "they tabooed it altogether."

### COFFEE AIDS CONCENTRATION

The only persons whose concentration is helped by coffee are those whose powers of concentration have been damaged by the use of coffee. The whiskey toper must have a dram to steady his nerves. The cigarette smoker cannot get his mind to work until he has had a few puffs at a cigarette. The opium, cocaine, or heroin fiend is completely unstrung without his dope. The coffee slave must have his cup to make his mental faculties work until after he has been delivered from the habit and had time to recover from its bad effects.

### THAT COFFEE PRODUCES NO SUBSEQUENT DEPRESSION

Every confirmed coffee drinker knows this is not true. The coffee drinker has to have his morning cup to hide the depression resulting from the injurious effects of coffee-drinking the day before. Thousands

of coffee drinkers suffer severely from malaise, headache, and other distresses when deprived of their morning cup. Tea-tasters and coffee-tasters suffer from a very severe form of nerve exhaustion or neurasthenia.

#### COFFEE DOES NOT DRAW UPON THE BODY'S PHYSICAL RESOURCES

The intimation is that coffee increases one's ability to work without increasing his expenditure of energy. Nothing could be more ridiculous. When one is fatigued he needs rest. If he drinks a cup of coffee he no longer feels fatigue, but he needs rest just the same, and if he goes on working he expends more energy than he can afford to spend; that is, he goes on discharging his brain and nerve batteries after nature has notified him that they need recharging.

#### COFFEE IS BENEFICIALLY STIMULATING

If stimulation is beneficial nobody could possibly need it more than did Nansen and his men when struggling across the bleak ice cap of Greenland, and they tried it. They made a practical experiment under conditions much more likely to furnish reliable information than any laboratory experiment which could be devised. The result led the sagacious Nansen to say, "The idea that one gains by stimulating body and mind by artificial means betrays, in my opinion, not only ignorance of the simplest physiological laws, but also want of experience by observation."

#### COFFEE BENEFICIALLY INCREASES HEART ACTION

Coffee excites the heart and leads to a quickening of the pulse just as a whip excites a horse. Coffee is a poison which must be gotten rid of. The heart's action is increased as quickly as possible. How can such a toxic effect do anybody any good? The only possible benefit to be derived from this kind of stimulant of the heart will be as an emergency measure, just as the surgeon uses caffeine for this purpose as a means of combating shock after a severe surgical operation. Caffeine is a very dependable drug for raising blood pressure.

#### THE MASTER BEHAVIORIST

Mr. A. Herbert Peron has written me the following which so appositely illustrates how enticing and tempting are the easy, enjoyable unrealities of life: The Master Behaviorist was playing the piano, trying to master the intricacies of a perplexing composition—the "Psychology" Sonata.

It was a very difficult piece to play. He had practiced it long and faithfully, but try as he would he could not get the thing into the run of his fingers.

He stopped, disgusted.

"This was never meant for human hands to play," he exclaimed petulantly. And with that came an idea . . . :

Why not eliminate those terrible passages, those awful runs, and stick simply to the main structure? "Excellent," he thought.

So, with keen animation, Master Behaviorist started afresh. Very carefully he considered those passages which his technique could not master, those runs which his fingers could not nimbly manage, those chords which were beyond the power of his hands to strike clearly . . . all these things which made for muddle and dissonance he cleverly omitted or simplified.

The result was amazing.

"How wonderfully smooth and beautiful it now sounds," he uttered with delight and surprise; "Every note is as clear as a bell." And it was true; every note was as clear as a bell. But what is it that he was playing?

★ ★ ★

#### MILITARISM

Mr. T. A. Netland has sent me the following notes regarding militarism in the United States. The statistics are convincing, and those of us who are working for peace should increase our efforts all the more because of the existence of this military training in our land. He says:

I wonder how many readers of *The Star* are aware of the fact that there is real danger of the U. S. becoming more and more militaristic, in spite of all our efforts for World Peace?

Military training is compulsory in eighty-six of our colleges and universities, including Cornell and University of California; and in the High Schools of at least

twenty cities, including San Diego and Santa Barbara, Calif.

In the Reserve Officers Training Corps Manual, Infantry, 2nd year advanced, Vol. IV, 7th Edition, August, 1925, we find the following:

"The mainsprings of human action are self-preparation and self-interest, in a word selfishness—the 'touch of nature which makes the whole world kin.'

"During the course of a great war every government, whatever its previous form, should become a despotism.

"An armistice should never be granted at the instance of a defeated foe. It is a confession of weakness, of inability to clinch a victory.

"We live in a world governed by Divine laws which we can neither alter nor evade. And in this world of ours force is the ultimate power."

I hope all readers of *The Star* will do what they can to abolish the compulsory feature of military training in our Universities, Colleges, and High Schools.

★ ★ ★

#### BACON OR SHAKESPEARE

Interest in the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy has been recently renewed with vigor in England because of George Moore's play "The Making of an Immortal." It was presented the first week of April, and the critics were unanimous in their praises. They are more than usually laudatory of it, saying that it is "brilliant, shrewdly humorous, enriched with prose of unusual beauty, and theatrical devices of uncommon effectiveness."

The audience was composed of the elite of London, including the Prince of Wales, and other members of the Royal household, and the nobility. Mr. Moore, unfortunately, could not witness his triumph because of illness; he was confined in a nursing home.

*The New York Times* describes the event as follows:

The play, set in Elizabethan times, shows Francis Bacon thrusting the authorship of great dramas upon an unwilling humble actor named Shakespeare. Queen Elizabeth, Ben Jonson and other great figures of

the era are included in Mr. Moore's cast of characters.

Mr. Moore's private secretary arrived at the nursing home with his arms full of newspapers and before long the author was sitting in an armchair, his eyes twinkling at the reviews of the first play he had ever written. He called the reviews his "cup of bliss" and replied to criticisms of his stage version of the Baconian theory by insisting that Shakespeare could never have written the plays.

"All belief is open to question," he said. "We do not know—any of us—what we believe. But we know what we don't believe.

"This Shakespeare, who went to the Stratford grammar school—that was a belief we had till a few weeks ago when an Oxford master came along disposing of that grammar school altogether. There was no grammar school.

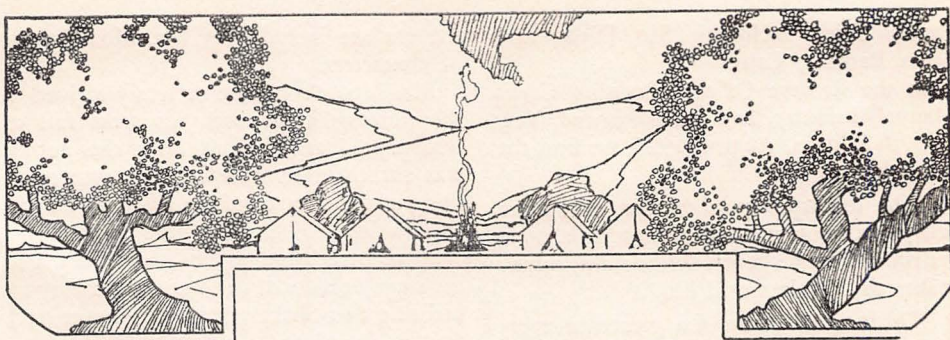
"I could quote 500 things about the plays that get us thinking. There was a singular 'policy' in the prose and there are any number of passages in the plays that are Baconian.

"Bacon had a brother, who was an Ambassador, and in 'Love's Labor Lost' there are things that could be known only to the Elizabethan Court. How could this Shakespeare have heard them?

"We must ponder when we think that the greatest literary glory of the world has descended on merely a name—Shakespeare."

Speaking of his play, he said that he started "The Making of an Immortal" four years ago and got tired of it when half way through. Later he determined to finish it and "wrote the second half anyhow" and in ordinary idiom, whereas the first part was in Elizabethan idiom.

"Two days afterward an American came to me to ask if I had any short thing he could publish," Mr. Moore said. "I showed him the play, which he pronounced exactly what he wanted, and, after altering the second half to fit the first half, he walked off with the manuscript and I with £450 cash, which I thought was a very good sum for it."



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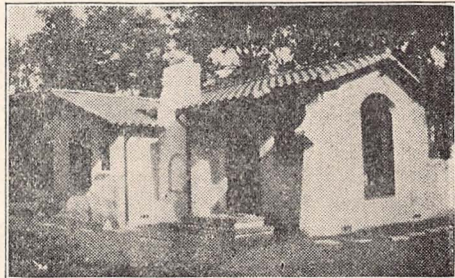
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